HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. I.—No. 49.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857. [Price Five Cents.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story into their paper. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

THE LATE GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

The portrait which is given on this page is that of one of the honestest Frenchmen of the present century — General Eugène de Cavaignac. Nine years ago his name was in every mouth; he was identical with French liberty. For two or three years afterward he was still the centre and focus of the hopes of those who believed in the people of France as republicans. But latterly he has rather fallen into neglect: very many of our young readers may need to be told who he was.

For in him principle overpowered ambition; he cared less about being first than about being right. Thus, in this unlucky age, he was for the time conquered; and death interfering before the game was fairly played out, he went to his grave an unsuccessful man, and, as the world judges, an unwise one.

He was born at Paris on the 15th December, 1802. His father was an eminent republican, and he was trained in republican principles. His brother Godefroi, who became a journalist, was for a time one of the most esteemed leaders of the party in France. Eugène was destined for the army, and at the usual age entered his name at the Polytechnic school. By the time he entered the army there was not only no republic, but no empire based on democratic principles; nothing but the unmanageable Bourbon régime, with its incurable defects and its hopeless absurdities. He suppressed his political tendencies, and devoted his whole mind to the business of his profession. In 1827 he was sent to Greece, with the army to which was intrusted the business of checking the barbarities of Ibrahim Pacha and his ferocious Turks. Of his career in this campaign we know nothing save that he was an ardent student, and commended himself to the consideration of his superiors by his sound judgment and vigor in action.

Accident threw him prominently forward during the first days of the régime of Louis Philippe. He was too honest to conceal his predilections; and in company with Lafayette, Laffitte, and others—the best men in France—he fell into disgrace. He was sent, with his regiment, into a decent exile in Algeria.

The long war, which served to keep the army busy under Louis Philippe, was just beginning. There was no prospect of great glory to be won; but it was a fine school for a conscientious soldier. The Arabs sometimes fought well; and on their old soil, with their own weapons, and with the aid of their friends among the people, they were able to make a show of resistance to the French for many years. Cavaignac was among the first of the French generals who developed a talent for civil administration combined with military genius. He was therefore at a very early age selected as governor of conquered provinces; the rarity of such a combination of qualities as he possessed compelled the government of Louis Philippe to intrust to him the most responsible duties—though his political opinions were well known at the Tuileries. For sixteen years he served steadily in Africa; rising steadily from the rank of Captain to that of General; and extorting from his bitterest opponents unequivocal testimony to his extraordinary ability and his unflinching uprightness. He was in command of a division of the French army, under the direct authority of one of Louis Philippe's sons, when the revolution of February, 1848, broke out.

The stern republicanism of Godefroi Cavaignac indicated his brother as the proper person to represent the young republic in the important dependency of Algeria. One of the first acts of the Provisional Government was to tender the government of that province to General Cavaignac. He accepted the offer, and entered upon his duties with alacrity. But few changes were made in the administrative departments; but a vigor was infused into the executive bureaux which was soon appreciated by the colonists. During the few weeks that Cavaignac held the supreme authority in Algeria, several of the most valuable regulations of police and sanitary reform were carried into effect.

When the election for members of a constituent Assembly came off, two constituencies elected General Cavaignac to represent them. He sought and obtained permission to withdraw from his province. The weak government of Lamartine needed a soldier of nerve; on his arrival at Paris he was offered the post of Minister of War in the Provisional Government. This also he accepted; expressing to his friends his intention of retiring from public life as soon as the great work of establishing the republic on a solid basis had been accomplished.

France was at that time in prey to utter anarchy. The Provisional Government had been sometimes ridiculous and always weak. Bodies of ignorant men, imbued with senseless ideas of communism and socialism, had obtained of the Government enough consideration to invite them to exaggerate their importance; and while, on one hand, a portion of the Paris operatives complained that the workmen were being cheated at this Revolution as they had been in 1830, others, and these were the most mischievous, claimed and exacted from the helpless administration a measure of deference to their wishes that was utterly subversive of all good government. The moderate Republicans, exercised by the suspension of the Bank of France and the general commercial disasters, were loth to move in any direction. The Government had but a slight hold on the army. As to the finances of the Republic, they were in inextricable confusion.

Things were in this state when Cavaignac entered the Government as Minister of War. He discovered—from the affairs of May—that the Socialists had neither the strength to establish a government nor the sagacity to remain quiet. He saw that his first task would be to deal with them, and prepared accordingly.

Thus the outburst of June, 1848, did not take him by surprise. That movement, as most of our readers are aware, was an attempt of the unemployed working classes to obtain control of the Government with a view to reorganize the country on a Socialist basis, to divide the property of the rich among the poor, and to carry out practically those theories of Socialism and Fourierism of which the New-York *Tribune* has been, thus far, the only exponent on this side the water. Up to June the Provisional Government had conciliated these workmen, had temporized, had made work for them, and run the nation in debt to pay their wages. Cavaignac resolved to meet the issue in a bolder spirit. In frequent communications with chiefs of the discontented party, he did not disguise his abhorrence of the Communist theory; and he frankly told them that the sooner the question were brought to the test of arms the sooner would France begin to revive. They accepted or rather provoked the cartel; and the conflict of June began.

The insurgents were bolder and more numerous than the destroyers of the monarchy of July; their chiefs were confident of success. Cavaignac had fewer troops than Louis Philippe, but he had—what that monarch had not—a resolute purpose and firm determination to sustain the cause of law and order at any cost. So it happened that when the barricades were erected, and the workmen took to the streets, they were met, not by imbecile commissaries of police, but by soldiers trained in the fields of Africa, and equipped for a campaign. There was no such nonsense about fraternizing as Paris had seen under Louis Philippe; the troops were told their duty, and they did it as remorselessly as if the Parisians had been Arabs. Every one remembers the terrible stories of the slaughter of the operatives—how some of them defended their barricades with a courage worthy of an honest cause; how Cavaignac, with merciless sagacity, shelled and bombarded them in their fastnesses, cut them down with grape when they ventured into open places, chased them with dragoons when their barricades were taken; how, finally, the insurrection was overthrown, Paris was saved, and France breathed freely once more. This was Cavaignac's great achievement: to realize the courage it required—in a republican leader—one must have lived in Paris, and learned, by personal observation, how slender a distinction divided, in 1848, the Democrat from the Socialist.

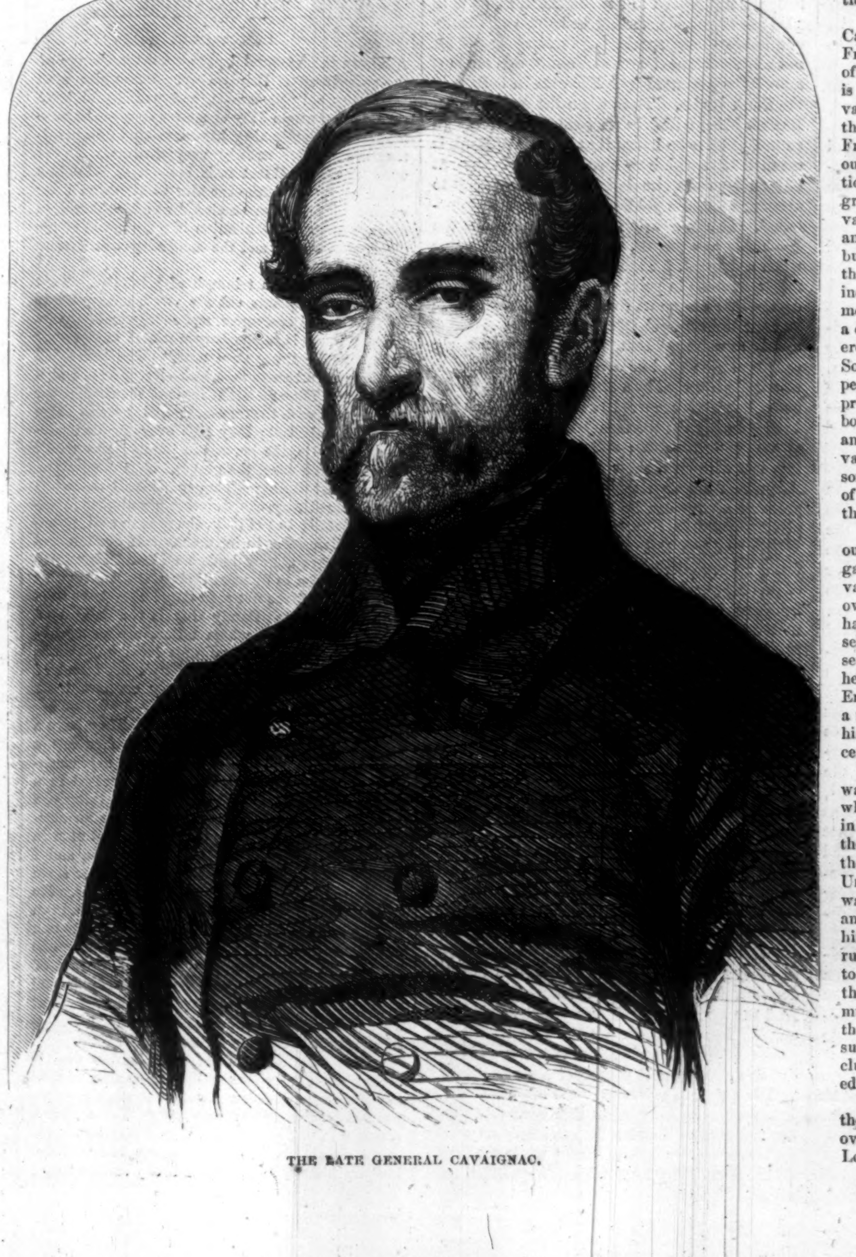
From June to October of that year Cavaignac was the breakwater against anarchy. He had quenched the fury of Socialism in blood; but he had yet to struggle against the partisans of the several monarchical pretenders, against the lukewarmness of the *bourgeoisie*, and, above all, against the embarrassments in the finances. During the whole of that eventful period he was the hope and the stand-by of all that was best in France. He performed his arduous task in so thorough a manner that when the Presidential election took place France was tranquil, trade was reviving, the finances were in a fair way of recovery, Europe was conciliated, the Socialist element was crushed. Such were the fruits of Cavaignac's administration.

It was with such claims on public favor that Cavaignac presented himself to the people of France as a candidate for election to the office of Chief Magistrate. The result of that appeal is known. He was utterly defeated by his rival, the present Emperor of France. Of all the theories on which that singular decision of the French has been explained, the soundest, without doubt, is that which accounts for their rejection of the republican candidate on the simple ground that they were not republicans. Cavaignac, and a select circle of men around him, and in the great centres of intellect, were imbued with the true sentiment of democracy; but the people of France, as a body, were at least indifferent to the advantage of popular government. Some tremblingly viewed democracy as a cloak for communism. Many, perhaps, hankered after the comfortable splendors of a Court. Some feared the consequences of periodical appeals to the people. A few were lured by the prestige of the Napoleonic name. Some were bought. Some of the communists were glad of an opportunity of revenging themselves on Cavaignac for the lessons of June. All these reasons, doubtless, co-operated; but the chief cause of the defeat of Cavaignac was the simple fact that the French were no republicans.

General Cavaignac laid down his power without a struggle and without regret. Perhaps he gave his successful competitor credit for the elevated principles of patriotism which inspired his own public conduct. It was in his power to have resisted the transfer of authority from himself to Louis Napoleon; the army was as subservient to him as it is now to the Emperor; he could have made himself President for life, Emperor, or King, had he chosen. But he was a man of honor and principle, and he laid down his power, and helped to inaugurate his successor.

From that time till the *coup d'état* Cavaignac was an active member of that republican party which strove in vain to keep the President within the limits prescribed to him by law. Had all the leaders of that party been as practical as he, there might have been no Emperor in France. Unfortunately, the French Democrats have always been better theorists than men of business, and the colleagues with whom Cavaignac found himself driven to co-operate were, as a general rule, far less able, in a practical point of view, to administer the government of the country than the usurper who overthrew them. This must always be remembered as an apology for the French, without which, indeed, their tame submission to the *coup d'état* would go far to exclude them from the ranks of brave and spirited nations.

When the contest between the Assembly and the President had reached such a point that the overthrow of one or the other was imminent, Louis Napoleon seized the government, on 2d



THE LATE GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

December, 1851, and caused the arrest of the leading members of the opposition, including General Cavaignac. They were all taken, as is known, in bed. Contrasts have been drawn between the behavior of the several leaders. While Changarnier presented a pistol at the head of the police-officer, and Bedeau was forcibly carried by *gens d'armes* into a coach, Cavaignac simply exclaimed: "Ah! had I consented to resort to such means!" and dressed himself, and went to prison.

He was sent to Ham, where the Emperor himself spent many years of his life. His captivity was soothed by a touching incident. A day or two after his imprisonment Mademoiselle Odier, the beautiful daughter of a rich banker, to whom the General had paid marked attention, flew to his side; and there, in the prison, with the near prospect of perpetual captivity or the scaffold, the gallant General was united to his brave lady-love.

The remainder of his story may be briefly told. The President was glad to consent to his exile, and more glad still to see him avail himself of the amnesty by returning to France. He lived for several years in tranquil obscurity, leading the life of a country gentleman on estates which he had purchased with the fortune brought him by his wife, and waiting for the gorgeous fabric which Napoleon had reared to break down from intrinsic rottenness.

For the first time since his exile he consented to take part in politics at the late election. He ran on the Republican ticket in the city of Paris, and was elected. Much interest was felt in his election, both at home and abroad; the large common sense which he had evinced on many occasions encouraged lovers of liberty to hope that, whatever the other Republican members might do, Cavaignac would not suffer his election to be a mere empty bravado.

He did not live long enough to verify the good opinion that was entertained of him. Shooting on his estate, on 30th October, he was suddenly attacked with aneurism of the heart, and died on the spot. We gave in last week's paper an account of the touching behavior of his devoted wife.

To this brief memoir of his life we will only add here, that there is not a man in all France who could not have been better spared than Eugène de Cavaignac.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

By the time these lines are before the public Congress will be on the point of meeting, and the President's Message will be delivered or ready for delivery. Washington correspondents have already given to the world an epitome of its contents. It is to review the Kansas question, the Central American imbroglio, our relations with England, the condition and wants of Mexico, the unequal duties imposed upon our ships in French ports, the settlement of the Sound Dues question, the questions which have arisen in connection with the right of search on the coast of Africa, the probabilities of the purchase of Cuba, the rebellion in Utah, and, more important than every thing else, the commercial revulsion and its effects on the national finances. One can form an idea, without enjoying the confidence of the President, of the purport of what will be said on these various topics.

The country will be generally congratulated on the pleasant relations existing between the United States and all foreign Powers. We shall be assured that there is at length a prospect of a satisfactory settlement of all the pending questions between Great Britain and the United States in reference to Central America. It will probably be hinted that Great Britain has receded from her purpose of colonizing in that meridian, and satisfaction will be expressed at the final recognition by that Power of a principle for which the United States have contended for more than a third of a century. In connection with this we may be reminded of the agreeable intercourse between the navies of the two nations on the occasion of the attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable; and other international courtesies may be likewise cited to show the good feeling which happily exists. Similar friendly phrases will doubtless be used in describing our relations with the other European Powers. We shall be told that, though up to this time the efforts of our minister at Paris to obtain a relaxation of the heavy taxes which our ships now pay in French ports have been unattended by success, the best understanding exists between the Emperor of the French and our representative at his Court, and repeated assurances from him indulge us to hope that we shall eventually obtain all that reasonably could be expected. It may be added that our relations with Spain are of an agreeable nature, all the questions at issue having been adjusted, and the Queen's Government being very graciously disposed toward us.

Allusion will probably be made to the Chinese war, and to the necessity of our pursuing a neutral policy between the belligerents. At the same time the President can hardly omit to notice the outrages on our flag and our people which have been committed by the Chinese; and while he approves the summary vindication of our honor by the naval force in the Chinese waters, he may express a hope that the Chinese will hereafter so carefully abstain from molesting us as to permit us to remain spectators of the pending war. The subject of China will naturally suggest Japan, and it is quite likely that the President may hint at the propriety of following up Perry's expedition with measures which may impart to the existing treaty some living usefulness.

Filibusterism in Central America can not fail to be denounced, and the conduct of the Administration in recognizing the envoy of the upstart Government of Nicaragua will probably be excused on the ground that the reopening of the Transit Route demanded the recognition of some Government. A hope will be expressed that the existing authorities may be able to maintain themselves; that Costa Rica may withdraw from her pretensions to control the line of transit; and that New Granada will not compel the United States to resort to forcible means to obtain an adjustment of the pending difficulty, or to secure the future safety of the transit across the Isthmus. Reference is likely to be made to Mexico, and to the recent establishment of a Dictatorship there; and the propriety of purchasing more Mexican territory may be referred to the consideration of Congress.

As to home matters, whatever is said on the subject of Kansas and Utah, we are likely to be startled by an appeal to Congress to resume control of the commerce and finance of the country. Dark hints may indicate the bank inflation as the direct cause of the late crisis, and the merits of a self-adjusting regulator may be descanted upon. Allusion may be made to the benefit that would accrue from a specie currency; and the abundant capacity of the United States to dispense with small paper money may be demonstrated. Ground may be taken distinctly against a Bankruptcy Law.

Other topics, which will suggest themselves to every one conversant with politics, will be treated according to the well-known principles of the Democratic party. It is not likely that their treatment will provoke much criticism. Since the time of the Virginia Dynasty, it is doubtful whether the nation ever knew a period at which a Presidential Message might be so unimportant a document.

BREAK-DOWN OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE measure which was indicated in our issue of last week as a possible remedy for the embarrassments of the British trading community has since then been adopted by the Government of England; the Bank has been officially informed by the Government that it may create paper without holding a specie equivalent in its vaults. By the Charter of the Bank that institution is authorized to issue fourteen and a half millions of pounds sterling in bank-notes without holding any specie for their redemption; but all notes issued over and above this amount must be represented by a like sum in bullion in the Bank vaults. Thus when the specie of the Bank is being withdrawn for shipment to foreign countries or to be hoarded at home, the Bank is compelled to withdraw a corresponding amount of its notes from circulation, and its capacity to accommodate the public is proportionately curtailed. It was clearly foreseen, at the time the Bank Act was passed, that a crisis might come when a demand for specie for foreign shipment might coincide in point of time with an unusual demand for discounts from traders in England; and Sir Robert Peel, the framer of the Act, distinctly announced that, in such an event, the only remedy would be a violation of the law, to be cured afterward by a bill of indemnity. That event has now occurred twice—in 1847 and in 1857—during the thirteen years of the duration of the present charter; and the English are asking, not without a show of reason, whether an Act which requires to be violated whenever a pressure arrives can be based on correct principles?

The problem is suggested, in a very similar form, by our own bank imbroglio. By the law of this State, when a bank becomes incapable of fulfilling its obligations to its depositors and note-holders, it must be placed in the hands of a receiver within a given period of time. Had this law been faithfully carried out every bank in the State of New York would have now been in liquidation, and there would have been no banks at all in the State. To avert the obvious inconvenience of this consummation, when our banks suspended, the Judges of the Supreme Court took the responsibility of holding the law in abeyance—just as the British Government have done. By drawing a fine distinction between paper and specie solvency they decided that there was no ground for appointing receivers to banks which did not appear to have been conducted fraudulently or to be hopelessly insolvent, though they could not, at the moment, pay their depositors or even redeem their notes in specie. There can be no question but this decision was based on expediency—not on law. And the question which has presented itself to our English neighbors occurs here with equal force: What is the character of a law which requires to be violated whenever a pinch comes?

The question will occupy the attention of the Legislature at its session this winter. There are indications that the Republicans are ready for a crusade against the banks, while the Democrats seem likely to give them a qualified support. Doubtless new banking bills will be laid before the Legislature. One or two projects, more or less ingenious, have already been ventilated in the newspapers.

It seems, however, very doubtful whether a law can be framed which will give to the depositors and bill-holders of State banks more security than they have already. No scheme has ever been devised by which the occurrence of popular panics is rendered impossible; nor does it seem likely that it can ever be in the power of a legislature to devise any such preventive measure. You can no more make a law providing against a popular panic than you can legislate against cowardice. Both are essential accidents of human nature. If, then, it be proposed to enact a law which shall preclude forever the possibility of bank suspensions—as the framers of our State Constitution undoubtedly intended to do—one of two things must be done: either the banks must be bound to hold specie in their vaults to the amount of their deposits and circulation combined, or certain specific paper securities must be declared to be a legal tender. The former injunction would prove so crushing to commerce and enterprise that this community would not tolerate it; the latter would, at least, *appear* to be fraught with more danger than the present system.

A national bank, chartered by Congress, and so organized and officered that it could not easily be brought under the control of political parties, or involved in political contests—if that be possible—might afford a better security to trade and the public than any reorganization of our State banks. But the Democratic majority in Congress is not very likely to adopt this remedy. Public sentiment, it must be confessed, is adverse to the re-establishment of a national bank—perhaps even to the interference in any shape of the Federal Legislative in the State currencies. Under the circumstances—this prejudice and the natural difficulties of the question duly considered—it is not very probable that any striking change will be made in our bank system this winter.

JUSTICE!

THE report of the committee of sailors and men of science appointed to inquire into the loss of the *Central America* proves that that vessel was not in a proper condition when she left port, being ill-found and ill-equipped. The same ground is taken by those in California who were best acquainted with the steamship line. Now, will any body take steps to have justice done?

THE LOUNGER.

DANDY GUY.

NEITHER commercial panics nor the change of the seasons affect Dandy Guy. I met him upon Broadway only yesterday, and you would have thought the whole duty of man was to wear loose trowsers. Dandy Guy has some kind of occupation somewhere, nobody very distinctly knows what or where. But it is enough to take him down town, and authorize him to allude to "our private advices from London," which he does in a manner to strike admiration into the mind of the porter who opens, and the small boy who carries messages.

Guy's dress is a triumph of his tailor. That eminent artist points out the youth with pride to his friends and customers, and says, when Guy appears, "There is some of my work. I have rarely done a better thing than that." The tailor and his friends and customers look closely at the phenomenon. They mark the angle of the coat; their hearts swell with the trowsers; their bosoms bulge with the waistcoat; they sigh over the unattainable cravat tie, the boots, the jimmy, jaunty hat, the coquettish cane, the gloves, the general air of triumphant tailoring. They mark it all, and when it has passed they can describe his clothes in admiring detail; but of Guy, the human soul, promenading Broadway in his double suit of flesh and tailor's toggery, they have no idea. There was nothing in him to distract their attention from his dress. They have not seen Guy; they have seen only his clothes. Dandy Guy is the delight of tailors, of girls for whom tailors are your only poets, giving to airy nothings local habitations (trowsers, that is, to Dandy Guy's legs), and of other Dandy Guys who secretly emulate those coats and waistcoats.

The manners of Guy correspond. They have a serenity of contemptuousness. His face has a slightly severe expression, intended to say, cursorily, to the passer-by, "Here am I, dressed in a style which is infinitely superior to any thing you have ever dreamed of; but my dress is an accident. I can't help being the best-dressed man in town, although my soul is above buttons, and I have important affairs to transact, whither I am hurrying." He talks very loud, and smokes. He is very knowing of yachts and race-horses, and can tell the relative time of the steamers' passages to a minute. He naturally rides himself, and when he is not thrown by reason of "the sudden fright of my horse," he has the good sense not to limp, and to get up gayly and quickly from his chair the next day, whenever he has occasion to rise, with a heroic disregard of personal comfort.

In a world where moths and bladders are accepted without serious indignation, why should any savage philosopher inquire for what possible purpose Dandy Guy was created? To ask such a question in Wall Street would be a personal insult to the next man. Will the contemplative reader imagine himself stopping somebody in that resort of active and beneficent beings, and seriously asking the use of middlemen and gamblers. If such investigations are to be tolerated, where shall we stop? Peter Funk, in Broadway, just round the corner, has some cheap gold pencils—a rare bargain—is any body going to be ass enough to inquire whether they are solid gold? Many things are invented by man or supplied by Nature as tests and disciplines of faith. Scorpions in your bed; in Italy fleas in your stockings; moths—mosquitoes—why not Dandy Guys?

Dandy Guy is paid two thousand dollars a year for some indescribable daily performance which is executed in a counting-room below the Park. There is a good deal of sitting on a high stool—of opening and closing books—and of reading newspapers, shin-toasting at fires, and going into Delmonico's, connected with it. The two thousand Guy invests with his tailor, his landlady, his bootmaker, his furnishing merchant, his little tour in the summer, his cigars, wine, billiards, and club-money in general—under which item it is convenient to class all expenses that do not usually appear in well-regulated systems of book-keeping. The money is devoted, in fact, to the delicate sustentation and brilliant ornamentation of Dandy Guy.

He was passing briskly down Broadway, twirling his coquettish cane—making it flirt, as it were, with another invisible cane in the air—a female fairy of a cane—chirping a little melody, and profoundly conscious that his shoes—with the holey patch at the end, invented in England for stalking in the wet grass and mud—combined in a manner *à ravir* with the wide-flowing trowsers, when he suddenly met Biddy M'Patigan breasting the early downward current of the street. She was leading her husband, who is blind, and her little boy, who is six years old. As they passed, the crowd brought them near; the shawl of Biddy, which was not clean, touched the sleeve of Guy's coat. He shrunk back, and brushed off the contamination. His emotion was that of a superior being.

The brave mother, with the soiled old shawl, led her blind husband and young child through the crowd. She walked quickly, with her face raised and her eyes bright and cheerful. The husband, blind, a little lagging, and smoking a pipe, with a rusty black hat and surtout, marched by her side. They were young when she married him, and he had his eyes. Since their wedding-day they had fronted every kind of physical misfortune—death, poverty, disease. But none of them all was strong enough to steal the light from her eyes, or the strength from her arm, or the heroism from her heart. With her own right arm, now, day by day, she earns the bread of the family; and, without distinctly recalling the words which she has often heard, she knows men do not live by bread alone, and so makes of her children sober, industrious, truthful boys and girls. Her husband, who has helped dig railroad-beds and carry mortar, was of solid service to the country until he lost his eyes; and Biddy, by bringing up her children well, in ways which are not affected by poverty, is doing positive good in a world to which she has given more than she has ever taken.

They met, and her shawl brushed Dandy Guy, who whisked off the stain of contact as if it had been infection. If it had wiped him out of the world, and the sublime questions had been put to him which we have all to answer, fancy Dandy Guy replying: "I wore the best-fitting trowsers in New York; I never smoked any thing but No. 1 Cabanas; and I could score sixty in one run at billiards. I always lunched at Delmonico's, and danced the *Lanciers* in time, and never wore patched boots. I used to read of poor people; but I heard the Rev. Dr. Cumtooley declare there was so much professional begging that to give in the streets was a positive encouragement of crime. I didn't attend to those things, but I could make capital punch, and dress a salad beyond competition. A filthy Irish woman brushed me out of existence, and here I am!"

Do you think Dandy Guy would enter into the joy?

A NOTE'S NOTE.

OUR reverend friend and co-laborer, the Easy Chair of *Harper's Monthly*, has handed to the Lounger the following (Bank) note and poem, which are of a painful pertinency to the times:

OSHKOSH, WIS., *Oct.* 19, 1857.

MR. EASY CHAIR,—In counting over some money a few days ago, I came upon a bank bill with the following lines upon it. It is a good parody on Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and as Bankers are now having a "jolly old time" of it, they will of course be much interested in the song. The thing, I presume, is original with the person who wrote it on the back of the bill; at any rate, it is new to me, and, I think, will be to most of your readers:

THE SONG OF THE BANK.

(*Not by the President.*)

Work, work, work,
And stand at the desk all day;
Work, work, work,
And bid an adieu to all play.
Work, and be constantly driven,
Wear the flesh from your bones and your face;
The outsiders think banking is heaven,
But 'tis more like the opposite place.

Count, count, and write,
Count money all day long,
And in taking your balance at night,
Have your cash come provokingly wrong;
Then look 'till you're nervous and cross,
And hunt 'till you almost fear
You must charge it to Profit and Loss,
Or put it on the Cashier.

Ledger and Journal and Cash,
And Blotter and Register too,
And the whole of that blue-edged trash
Which it takes so long to write through;
I wish they could all be turned back
To rags real dirty and rank,
And be stuffed down the mouth of that Jack-
Ass who first invented a Bank.

Sign, sign, sign,
And in nervous agony writhe,
'Till you're forced at length to resign,
By that bony old chap with a scythe.
Would you be a good Banker, then work,
And commit neither error nor fault;
Spend your days at a desk like a clerk,
And be laid after death in a vault.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!

WHEN boys crucify flies upon pins at the window, and derive pleasure from the agonized buzzing, or, going into the street, mock and jeer at an unhappy drunkard or unfortunate idiot, there are still wanting to a thoughtful mind some of the higher and most essential elements of comedy. In the same way when newspapers give place to the letters of lunatics, and chronicle the performances of inanity, the reader toils in vain to discover the fun which is the obvious excuse for so doing.

Of course while politicians, who pass for ordinarily sane people, write their views upon public questions—the letters being merely intended as ladders by which they may ascend to fat emoluments—and such letters are published; or when the proceedings of public meetings of many kinds, with the usual speeches and resolutions, are accurately reported and—if newspapers are to deserve their names—are printed, so long there would appear to be no avoiding the publication both of lunatic letters and of inane performances, and from this kind there is a very tangible fun to be derived.

Now that ex-Alderman Branch may have quite as much brains as many a similar official who has not yet reached the end of the alphabet of his career, and subsided into the unknown quantity expressed by x plus alderman, is not the present question. But here is a poor half-witted man, who was actually elected to be a legislator of the City of New York, who was fooled and bamboozled by partisans for political ends, who has spent money and made voyages for an utterly futile purpose, whose gabble was printed by respectable newspapers as something funny, and who now publicly solicits entrance into the alms-house as a pauper, representing to the Board of Ten Governors "that he is poor, sick, and friendless, and literally worn out, and implores admission to the alms-house, where he will work as much as his health will permit, and will also give you the few dollars he gets per annum from some property his father left him in the form of a life estate; that on his knees and in copious tears he craves an immediate abode in the Poor-house, where he will not long be expensive as a public pauper, as his feeble pulse hourly warns him to prepare for a mournful journey to Potter's Field."

Was this a fitting subject for journalists to wreak their wit upon? Have not the newspapers self-respect enough to protect their own characters and the common humanity of their readers? In all the stuff they have published about this unfortunate man there has not been the faintest glimmer of amusement. Is there no such thing as public decency? Do newspapers consider themselves absolved from all human relations to men and society? When the reader sees in some spectacle only dishonor, outrage, and crime, shall an editor see in it nothing but a paragraph?

It is quite worth while for the papers which have printed the letters of this unhappy man as matters of mirth, and which have recently inserted this last letter—we will do them the justice of saying—*not* as a joke, to ask themselves how far the foolish publicity they have given to the maunderings of an innocent lunatic, has directly contributed to the catastrophe which lands him in the alms-house as a public pauper.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE Lounger's *Answers to Correspondents* this week, show that he is already in communication with many parts of our beloved country, and that his efforts have been kindly appreciated by generous friends, to him personally unknown. Let us join hands all round; so may the Lounger, by happy magnetism, lay his head upon Mount Katahdin, and lave his feet in the Gulf of Mexico.

—"Let the toast be dear woman!" From *Houston, Texas*, a friend writes:

"My wife says that she would do without a new winter bonnet (seeing she has one already), or be reduced to thirteen yards for her skirt, but she won't be deprived of *Harper's Weekly*. Aint that a compliment? 'What will *you* do with it?'"

What will we do with it? We will declare publicly that any woman who is capable of reducing her skirt to thirteen yards, or of wearing an old bonnet, is capable of being a Sappho and drowning herself for love; or a Mrs. Albert Smith, and climbing Mont Blanc.

—An ardent admirer, whose ardors raise a gentle blush to these checks, writes from Missouri. Modesty forbids the publication of his entire letter: Vanity graciously allows what follows: and Accuracy carefully preserves the artless spelling of affection.

MISSOURIE *November 6th* 1857.

DEAR HARPER,—I have been anjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul over your *weekly* of the 31st for the last three hours
there is more heart and real independense in your Lounger than in a years Politicks you are the Prinse of the Press and the Egel of the Universe you are an elictrick Battrey that shocks the nerves unawares you have tutched a sympathic cord in my heart that nerves me to contribute my mite I am but a poor Paddler I never expected to appair in print to your invation drew me out If you like this I have maney good things in store for you

* * * * * *

I asked lodging from an Uncel Tom in the lead mines last Saturday which he cheerfully granted with polite apoliges for bad fare they were digging for their masters in the Slack Seson after the harvest he made me a good bowl of coffy with some broiled ham and bread which I relished very mutch he then gave me a boffolow robe and pillow with a fancy patch work quilt to cover he bid me sleep with my feet to the fire
After a while he was joined by four companions all slaves jolly healthy looking fellows with plenty of monney for they all have the privelege of mining for themselvs on Saturday they had just come from the next grocery where they sold their minral one had five dollars and a bottle of whisky the proceds of his days work another had a pack of cards with pipes and tobaco they eat supper piled on the wood all the time singing and cracking jokes they seemed to forget my presense
Harper none but your pen could do them justis

* * * * *

Adieu Dear Harper may you speed and prosper is the sincere wish of your devoted reader

THE PEDLER

PITTSBURGH, *Nov.*, 1857.

DEAR LOUNGER,—As our courts of justice are rather unsafe places to apply for redress of grievances nowadays, we address ourself to you, with the understanding that you are a very impartial tribunal.

We wish information in regard to the term "*rats*," as applied to individuals.

We (oh! excuse *us* for forgetting to state that *we* are an *editor*; ay, we edit the High School *Blunder-Buss*), as we were about to say, we are called a *rat*. Now we confess that our "*means of support*," although visible, are of a superior length, and whether that entitles us to the appellation of *rat*, or not, we are unable to say; but as it is our lot we must bear it as patiently as possible. We attract, from the young scapegraces about the streets, as much attention as a newly imported Chinaman, and various exclamations, as "Je-rewsa-lem what legs! there goes a High-school rat!" continually drum upon the *tin-pan* of our ear.

Even those (the ladies) who "move in fashionable (as well as '*reason in*') *circles*" gaze, with mixed feelings of wonder and spite at us, for the very simple reason that (on account of our small diameter) we are not obliged to turn out into the street to let a double file of those innocent promenaders past.

Now we don't like to be called a rat. It appears too much like a title which should be given to those who have a remarkable propensity of taking care of number one; and we fear that, if we receive that name much longer, folks will begin to think we are a director of a bank.

And now, dear Lounger, will you or *can* you inform us how we can avoid this awkward cognomen, or if it is applied to persons on account of their lengthy *understanding?*

Yours, fraternally,
EBENEZER PANCAKE.

BEAUTY OF AMERICAN LADIES.

NEW YORK, 21*st Nov.*, 1857.

DEAR LOUNGER,—Time prevents me doing more at present than handing you my return on this subject, from which you can deduce your own conclusions.

I am sorry it is now out of my power to institute a comparison with the larger cities in England, Scotland, and Ireland; but from what I can remember I would say the result of a similar investigation should present an equal, if not higher percentage of beauty.

	April and May, 1854.		September, 1857.	
	Criticised.	Beautiful.	Criticised.	Beautiful.
Route. Broadway, 4th Avenue, 3d Avenue, Bowery, etc., etc. *Time.* Morning and Evening.	237	19	130	15
	287	12	333	16
	338	14	233	10
	328	12	598	46
	303	10	256	23
	249	7	635	51
	317	9	220	22
	237	7	...	...
	256	13	...	..
	201	7	...	..
	255	7	...	..
	3103	117	2514	183
	Or 3·77 per cent.		Or 7·28 per cent.	

My walks in 1854 were more confined to the lower parts of the city, which will account, perhaps, for the contrast with 1857. The gross result is this: out of 5617 ladies whose faces were critically examined, only 300 were found beautiful, or about 5⅓ per cent.

Yours, truly,
J. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—EBENEZER PANCAKE.—Rat is defined as "the popular name of several species of the genus *Mus*." In the present case it would appear that the Pittsburgh populace are destitute of discrimination in natural history, or that you are one of the species of the genus *Mus*, which are further defined as "a troublesome race of animals;" or, again, "rodent mammals, or small quadrupeds, that infest houses, stores, and ships," and, by analogy, editorial rooms. There are two technical significations of the word to be particularly pondered by statesmen and editors: 1st, *to rat*, is to desert your party, and go over to another; 2d, *to rat*, is, among printers, to work at less than the established prices. What horrible vistas of self-knowledge this information may well open in your mind! "A High-school rat" would seem to be a rodent mammal of the high cockalorum, or high-stepping species: a small, troublesome quadruped, walking Spanish. In respect of Directors of Banks, in this connection, consult a valuable but scarce treatise in the rodent-mammalian dialect, of which the only copy extant is supposed to be in the family archives of the mammal who ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, in which our esteemed correspondent will find the following sententious definition—from the rat point of view:

"*Directors of Banks: Human cats.*
"*Stockholders of Banks: Human mice.*
(*See 'Railroad Companies' passim.*)"

—JOHN SCHMYTHE, *Albany*.—There are two reasons why a thing may not be seen. The first is, that it is not visible; the second, that the spectator's eyes are not strong enough. A good story, and of very universal application—like all good stories—is told of Turner, the English painter. He was busily engaged in sketching from nature—and no man had ever more enthusiastically studied nature, or had a more cunning hand to express what he had seen—and after he had covered his paper with that bloom of color which John Schmythe may see in his little water-color pictures in the English Exhibition up town, a young lady looked over his shoulder, and, gazing long and earnestly at the sketch, and, lifting her eyes to compare it with the landscape before them, at length drawled out:

"Lor! Mithter Turner, *I* can't see any such thing in nature ath you have put in your picture!"

"Mithter" Turner went quietly on working, and said, calmly, without turning:

"No, Madame? Don't you wish you could?"

Let John Schmythe consider this answer, and apply it to the subject upon which he writes to the Lounger.

THE WIT'S END.

November 30.

DEAR LOUNGER,—I understand that extensive preparations are making for removing the superfluous Wood from the City Hall, and for putting bricks in its place.

Yours, in hope,
LITTLE TRIPE.

Sydney presents his compliments, and is sure the Lounger has heard the last conundrum, but, perhaps, not the last rendering of it. Why is a Wall Street broker nowadays like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he finds a little profit in the rushes on the banks. You observe it is very good; so good, in fact, that the beautiful Queen of Sheba was relating it to a select circle of Princes and Princesses the other evening, and having propounded the question, stood, majestic, with one finger raised in eager anticipation of the answer. Of course, so high-bred a company was too polite to guess it. "Because," replied the Queen with sparkling eyes, "because he finds a little profit in the rushes down by the shore." An indescribable moment ensued. The point was so absolutely invisible that no royal personage could even pretend to see it. The Queen herself seemed to be unable to grasp it. Her face gradually assumed an expression of mild melancholy as she added in a pensive tone, "Well, I didn't exactly see the fun of it when I heard it." The company smiled kindly and turned the conversation; but at the same moment from the adjoining chamber of the palace, into which King Solomon had hastily retired upon hearing the Queen's answer to the conundrum, a series of roars proceeded as if from a royal personage floundering in convulsions of laughter. Since that evening conundrums are prohibited in Solomon's Temple.

DEAR LOUNGER,—I had thought of choosing the triumphant anapæst for this poem, but to-day none triumph save scamps. Between the cheerful trochee and pensive iambus there could be no hesitation. I therefore pitch on the trochee.

Yours, THREE GOVERNORS.

P.S.—Perhaps, in deference to that respectable trio whose name I bear, I had better, for comic purposes, sign as thus: TRI G. LIFF.

AU COIN DE LA RUE.

A City Lyric.

I was turning round a corner,
Feeling many times forlorner
Than some futile Johnny Horner,
Thumbing in a plumless pie.
"Why forlorn?" Oh, stranger, mock it
Not—the pang of empty pocket!
Sempiternal source of sigh.

Not a dime, nor red, nor nickel!
Gone! ah, fled my fortune fickle!
Vainly digits pockets tickle;
Never silver laugh responds.
I have stacks of bills suspended;
Payment on my bonds is ended—
My Langamon Railway Bonds.

Balls, my Uncle in the Bowery,
Swears he won't shell out a cowrie,
Since the times became so showery,
Crowded pledges stop his spout.
When I spout, "I'm one that pays all,"
Hand of his adorns his nasal;
Nepotism's quite played out.

Derby watches, how my tick is;
All my shirts are paper dickies;
And I know what fashion's trick is—
Hiding neat with gaudy scarf.
Shineless now are all my varnished
Boots. What boots to dress, when tarnished
Uppers lose their lower half?

Once my cards to West End dinner
Came as thick as shoals of minnow;
Now I'm daily growing thinner,
Though I fish, and fish for bait.
My cabañas now are banished;
Figaroes qua and la are vanished;
Ugly plugs I smoke of late.

I have tried much advertising:
"Wanted.—Widow.—Fortune rising.—
Millions.—By a gent surprising
For his looks, and nous, and style."
Also, "Wanted.—Light employment,
Not preventing the enjoyment
Of full leisure all the while."

Answers came: "Wish you may get it.
Go to grass! Yours,—JERRY PETIT."
"Empty Heart" writes: "Fain she'd let it—
Heart that beats with wildest thrills;
Tenderly her warm and thronging
Hopes are to endow me, longing,
With her half a million mills."

Hapless thus, as plumless Horner,
I was turning round a corner,
Knowing I could not have borne a-
Nother straw upon my pile.
Oh, delight! oh, joy! oh, better,
Bliss! 'Twas then and there I met a
Cheering cheerfulness of smile.

Not a "smile" of "care-beguiler
Bacchus," but "Boy-Cupid smiler."
I'd have trod full many a mile, or
Onward league in deathful vale,
Such a smile to win. But Heaven
Meant my lumpish life to leaven—
Raising it from dull and stale.

Thanks, kind fate! Thanks, charming lady!
Though in future, like a gay de-
Ceiver, you may change for shady
Scowl your sunny welcome glance,
In Broadway a certain shrine is,
Where I cornered the divineness
Of our meeting's happy chance.

TRIGLIFF.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

AN INDIGNANT ORACLE.

A "LADY" (the term in New England means the wife of a militia captain, and in New York the *fiancée* of a policeman) has written to the Bohemien a note, which treats of philological, orthoepical, orthographical, chirographical, and etymological matters. I decline to go into a discussion upon these matters with such a terrible person. I can see her now with a red wig, green spectacles, a Guernsey jacket, and a fortification of lexicons. I will not enter the lists with such an adversary upon mere forms. I always allow Ethelinda, who knows nothing, to have her own way about all matters of no consequence; wherefore, then, should I discuss with a female pundit, a savan, a Moonshee, a wrangler in the schools?—never! So, "Delphia," thou shalt have thine own way. I imitate the example of the showman in regard to the question of identity between the wax figures of two heroes—"You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

A WEEK OF HOLIDAYS.

THE Bohemians of all grades were in a high state of excitement last week. There was the consecration of a monument to one of the bravest and best of our soldiers, and a grand military parade, with various attending circumstances, such as oceans of pretty girls, large numbers of aldermen, shoals of policemen, some mayors, a good many generals, and other small matters. It was the repetition of the little affair in the Park two or three weeks ago, on a grand scale, except that everybody's toes were a little colder, and everybody's nose a little bluer. It is no doubt sweet to suffer for one's country, but wouldn't it be sweeter in a little higher state of the thermometer?

Thanksgiving! The celebration of the victories of peace—the in-gathering of the harvest—the o'erflowing of the barn, the granary, and the poultry-yard—the day of doom for the bold gobbler who lately stalked supreme, fit type of the pride that always must fall. I quite agree with the philosophy of the Governor of one of the Southern States, who proclaimed to his lieges that there could certainly be no harm in observing a day of thanksgiving, and it *might* result in a great deal of good. It is not a great holiday in New York. The Knickerbockers did not take comfortably to Yankee customs, the worthy burgomasters having but a mean opinion of their Connecticut cousins. But the New Englanders exiled to Manhattan do not altogether forget those social réunions, when were performed miracles in the way of eating and drinking; when Master Bob might ask for every thing twice, and not be refused; when the young fellows and the pretty girls for once were not afraid of each other; when the sermon before dinner was so long, and the evening frolic after it was so short. Oh yes, old Coupon of Wall Street, you remember it very well! You remember when the new boots came home; when the first tail coat, blue, with bright buttons (made in the city), was put on; when the snow was on the ground, and the bay mare shook her bells before the porch; when you, in the glory of your new suit, and the timidity of your first flirtation, asked Cousin May to ride just half a minute too late. You remember what a horrid lump you had in your throat when that "city feller" gave the mare her head, and, with Cousin May under the buffalo-robe, swept off through the village. You remember also, Sir, a pair of dancing black eyes, which threw a parting shot at you over the back of the sleigh, and how you strode back into the house, and glowered at the back-log for many hours, then crept to bed boiling over with wrath, and vowing that you would never speak to her again. That's a good many years ago, Mr. Coupon, and you think you've forgotten May; but sometimes those eyes will intrude in your private office, laugh at you from stock certificates, or blur the pages of the transfer books.

Any one would naturally suppose that to a Bohemian who has no home circle, Thanksgiving would be the reverse of festive. That is the error of ordinary minds when they attempt to fathom the idiosyncrasies of superior beings. The Bohemian is a philosopher. He gives thanks that he hath had during the year a bed and a board of some kind or other; and although the crisis, and the pressure, and the panic, and the revulsion have not been without their effects and their lessons to him, yet, upon the whole, his Thanksgiving was about the same as ever. There were the ancient New England requisites—the plain but abundant repast, the réunion of friends, the prattle of children, and the harmless jollity of the evening party; and it is to be hoped that wherever these pages shall go over all our fair land, the young men and maidens will likewise have been jolly and merry on the Yankee holiday. It is a hard, cold life you have of it, in New England especially, and therefore merry you should be upon this one day. As your own poet, Holmes, says:

"Then once again before we part
My empty glass shall ring,
And he that hath the lightest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing!"

BOHEMIEN.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

CLASPED with a misty zone,
Autumn her harvest-robe serenely weaves;
Now burns the sumac's cone,
And gleams the amber maize between the sheaves.

The dogwoods purple bear,
The hickories topaz in the sunset fire,
And oaks brown mantles wear,
While maples light between a sylvan pyre.

In orchards gnarled by gales
How through the umbrage crimson apples glow,
And clear the plaintive quails
Pipe the rude urchins from their nests below!

The creeper wide unfurls
Its scarlet banners as the zephyrs pass,
Snowberries strew their pearls,
And starry asters fleck the tangled grass.

Amid the swampy mould,
And on the mountain-ash what rubies shine;
And, like a vase of gold,
The yellow gourd hangs on the withered vine.

Blithely cicadas spring
Along our path, and loud the marsh-frogs croak,
And on insatiate wing
The jetty crows poise o'er the stubble-smoke.

Immortelles incense breathe
From the low meadows; in the hush of noon
The chestnut's prickly sheath
Clinks down upon the turf its glossy boon.

In flickering beams how glint
The amethystine grape and emerald pine,
And ocean's cold, gray tint
Transmuted now to azure crystalline!

Lilies their speckled urns,
And balmy firs their drooping needles, lift;
Their sculptured edge the ferns;
While slowly by the thistle-feathers drift.

The columbines scarce nod
Upon their slender stems and rocky ledge,
Nor waves the golden rod,
Nor hums the dragon-fly around the sedge.

A mellow calmness lies,
As if fruition solemnized the air,
On woodland, field, and skies—
The smile of Nature at her answered prayer.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL WORTH.

ON Wednesday last the public of New York saw the corner-stone laid of one of the best monuments in the city, the column which commemorates the career and services of the late General Worth. No son of New York better deserved a monument than the gallant Worth; it is agreeable to reflect that the national metropolis has at length awakened to the duty of reminding strangers that he belonged to us.

Forty-five years have elapsed since Worth, then a lad at Hudson, enlisted as a soldier to serve in the war against Great Britain, which was just commencing. His family were New Englanders, of ancient date; but it seems they had not amassed enough of this world's goods to secure for their descendant a fair "start in business." He embarked in life as a private soldier. The story of his first step has often been told. A comrade of his had been condemned to severe punishment for some slight fault. Worth, sympathizing with his friend, memorialized the commanding officer on his behalf. The memorial was drawn with skill; the claims of the culprit were eloquently set forth. It struck the commanding officer. Not only did it achieve its direct purpose, but it attracted attention to Worth, its author, who, after some inquiry, was appointed secretary of the commanding officer. From the secretary's desk he removed when the war became active, and obtained a commission as lieutenant of the 23d infantry, and was recommended to General Scott, who appointed him one of his aids.

As one of the military family of General Scott, young Worth served at the battles near Niagara. His military career very nearly ended there; in executing an important duty intrusted to him by General Scott he was severely wounded, and carried from the field. For several months his life hung in the balance; at length the strength of his constitution prevailed, and a grateful Administration awarded to him successively the ranks of captain and major. He served with this latter rank during the remainder of the war.

Shortly after the declaration of peace he was appointed to the direction of the West Point Military Academy, which trust he discharged for many years. Commissions as brevet lieutenant-colonel, major of ordnance, and full colonel successively reached him; and at length the outbreak of the war in Florida gratified his ardent desire for active service. He served a couple of years in Florida, succeeding in the object he had in view, and winning by his exploits the rank of major-general.

The outbreak of the Mexican war found him in the disputed territory. A disputed point of military etiquette, which was decided at Washington adversely to his pretensions, so preyed upon his spirits as to induce him to throw up his commission and repair to the seat of Government; but while he was there the news of the actual outbreak of hostilities arrived, and wisely and patriotically Worth hastened to withdraw his resignation, and place himself at the disposal of the Department. He was directed to report to General Taylor; and proceeded to that officer's head-quarters with such expedition that—though he had lost an occasion of distinguishing himself at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma—he was in time to take an active part in the march toward Monterey, and the attack on that place.

Worth's share in the assault on Monterey is familiar to every school-boy. No one can venture to confess himself ignorant of the military skill which enabled this gallant officer to take the heights commanding Monterey on the west, and seize nearly half the city, with a loss so trifling as to be hardly worth mentioning. As contrasted with the operations of the General-in-Chief, whose forces were slaughtered in the assault, the achievements of Worth shone forth with unusual *éclat*. He was not destined, however, to take part in the great exploit of the war in the North—the Battle of Buena Vista. Some time before that battle was fought, General Scott had made a requisition upon the army of the north for a portion of its strength, comprising the whole of Worth's division. General Worth obeyed accordingly, joined the expeditionary force against Vera Cruz, rendered efficient service at the assault on that place, and was rewarded by General Scott with the Governorship of the city after it was taken.

It was on this occasion that General Worth gave evidence of the remarkable administrative abilities he possessed. The rules he made for the government of the captured city, aiming alike at the relief of the natives whom the bombardment had utterly ruined, and at the preservation of order and health among the victorious soldiery, reflect as much credit upon General Worth as any of his military achievements. They show that had his life been spared, and had he been raised, as he probably would have been, to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, he would have displayed a capacity far above the average.

In the military movements of the expedition against the city of Mexico, General Worth's share was conspicuous. He was present at the head of his division at all the great battles; he won great glory at Churubusco; it is believed that the direction which the army followed was mainly due to his counsels; last of all the greatest exploit of the war, perhaps the hardest fight in which United States troops were ever engaged, the fight at Molino del Rey, was undertaken solely by his division. A martial poet has compared the agony of the gallant Worth, on retiring to his tent after that magnificent but unprofitable exploit, to mourn over the brave brothers whom he had lost that morning, to the wrath of the heroes of the Homeric age: most assuredly never did chief grieve in nobler cause. The picture that has so often been drawn of the assault—the muster of the troops at three in the morning; the march toward the Molino, in dead silence, no man speaking, and the air so still that none knew whether the Mexicans had not abandoned their posts; the sudden burst of red-mouthed cannon, and the terrific slaughter—which lasted for a couple of hours—of the undaunted assailants; the capture of the Molino, the rout of the Mexicans, and the wretched discovery that, after all, the place could not be held, and was not worth holding: all these are in every school-boy's memory. The capture of Delhi by the British recalls them to many a mind.

Poor Worth! Let us pass lightly over the controversies which embittered his victory. Soldiers are but men, and no true admirer of genius and valor can wish but to hide the little frailties of the gallant dead and the brave living. His rose had its thorn.

After the close of the war General Worth was reappointed to the Texan Division of the army. He was a young man, comparatively; but disease contracted on the plains of Mexico, combined with the effects of ancient infirmities—he never altogether recovered the effects of the wound he received at Lundy's Lane—bore him to the grave on 7th May, 1849.

The circumstances under which the present monument has been erected can not better be told than in the language of the Mayor:

"In death and in life alike it was the fortunate lot of General Worth to have been made the favored recipient of public honors.

"Thus, among other tokens of the nation's gratitude, the State of New York presented him with a sword, in 1838, to testify its appreciation of his distinguished services in the war of 1812. The Legislature of Florida voted him unanimous thanks for having closed the Indian war there in 1842. The citizens of Hudson and Columbia County presented him with a complimentary sword in honor of his distinguished gallantry at Monterey, and the State of Louisiana did the same for his brave conduct throughout the Mexican war. In 1848 the national Congress ordered a sword for him, upon which was engraved an appreciative notice of his public services. It was now the palpable duty of the emporium of the Empire State—the Queen City of America—to testify, in a substantial form, her regard for one who devoted thirty-six years of active public life to the advancement of his country's glory, and who was one of the most eminent and brave of the sons of New York.

"When it was ascertained that Major-General Worth was dead, a committee from the Corporation of the City of New York was commissioned to visit the widow of the deceased, and charged to assure her that in case she would surrender to us his remains, a monument not unworthy of his fame would be here erected to, in some degree, perpetuate his name.

"In a spirit of characteristic good sense and conjugal devotion, the request was complied with; the remains of the illustrious departed were conveyed to this city and deposited in the receiving vault at Greenwood Cemetery, in a manner creditable to a metropolis and State whose greatness and prosperity claimed in his affections the highest place."

After a lapse of several years, a monument was contracted for by the city corporation. The contract was awarded to James Batterson, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut, who forthwith set about its construction.

It is to be constructed wholly of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, and will consist of a shaft fifty-one feet high from the ground. The base is fifteen feet square, and the front panel of the die will contain an equestrian bronze statue of General Worth, in alto-relievo. The shaft will be ornamented with representations of trophies of war and military implements in use at Lundy's Lane, Mexico, and Florida. Upon the four sides of the shaft will be inscribed the names of all the battles, etc., in which General Worth participated, and which are as follows: Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, West Point, Florida, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Cordo, Perote, Puebla, Buena Vista, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chepultepec, and City of Mexico. The monument was designed by James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, under whose direction it is also being erected. It will be a monument worthy of New York.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GENERAL WORTH AT NEW YORK.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

NO. XXI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Baalbec, the ancient Baalath of Solomon.—A Walk about Town.—A Maronite Priest cursing a Heretic.—Moonlight.—A Storm.—The Devils, or Gods, among the Ruins.—The Wail of a lost Spirit.—The Tents vanish.—We are soaked.—Miss Grandison's Condition and Retreat.—The Subterranean Passage.—A quaint Scene.

In the twilight of an evening that would have made a poet out of a block of stone I pitched my tents within the sacred inclosure of Baalbec, city of Baal, and of Solomon. For I have no doubt that this magnificence had its origin from the great son of David; and I suppose, with others more learned than I, that this is the Baalath of Solomon spoken of in 1 Kings, ix. 18.

My reasons for this belief are too lengthy to be given here. In a visit which I made to Baalbec a few years ago I was led to observe some peculiarities of architecture, especially in the subterranean structures which support the great temples here. I had not then seen the crypts under the mosques of Jerusalem. After viewing them I began to make comparisons, and should I ever write a book (which may I be saved from!) I may devote space to a demonstration of my theory in regard to the architecture of Baalbec.

Think of three stones measuring, jointly, one hundred and eighty feet in length! And three such stones there are in the sustaining wall on the southwest side of this temple inclosure! Those are of days when there were giants of architecture—when men aspired to be gods, and to work for eternity.

But I shall not devote space here to lines and measurements.

When the tents were duly arranged I walked out into the village, which is near the ruins, and which is chiefly inhabited by Maronite Christians. I was just in time to see a Maronite priest pronouncing the Anathema-Maranatha on a heretical fellow who, I think, cared as little for the cursing as did I. But the scene was a strange one in the dim street of the old town, and impressed itself on my memory. The tones of the priest were Gregorian in their richness.

A MARONITE EXCOMMUNICATED.

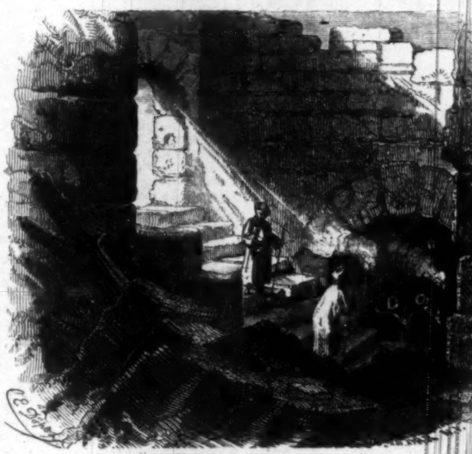
Then, lounging slowly along, I regained the temple, and found the party waiting dinner for me among relics of the past that were grander than Rome can show on all her hills, and even, to my eye, more glorious than are the ruins of Palmyra in the wilderness.

I sat with Miss Grandison on one of the fallen columns of the great temple, our feet resting on a huge mass of rock carved in gorgeous style, which had once been the ceiling of the temple. The moonlight was exceedingly beautiful. The stars were uncommonly radiant. My companion was in the best of spirits, and we had been laughing gayly over our victory of the afternoon. So the evening glided by. It was warm, but not sultry, and I had no anticipation of the coming of a storm. The tents were pitched within the temple inclosure, on the great quadrangle. Around us were the vacant niches once occupied by gods, and the cook's fire blazed where an altar once sent its flames heavenward.

After midnight I was roused by a fierce and loud clap of thunder. Throwing back the tent curtain, I looked out and saw that a storm was just breaking over us. In the flashes of the lightning the ruins became awfully spectral. I have never seen a more wild and furious storm. I was awake but a minute or so when it burst on us. The wind howled through the forest of ruins. Now here, now there it wailed, and shrieked, and raved.

"John—John Steenburger—rouse up, man!"

"What is it, Peter?" said my friend, turning over in his bed.



THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

"The fiends, John! There is trouble among the old gods, and they are chasing one another among the ruins with deadly intent."

Verily it was like it. I could think the ghosts of the old worshipers were in the temples, howling in agony, now contending, now wailing, now sobbing, until there came a fierce blinding flash of lightning right on the corner of the Saracen wall that overtops the great temple, and a mass of stone fell crashing downward, and then a deep hush ensued, and then a voice like the voice of a vestal weeping her lost virginity, a low, wild, thrilling unearthly voice rang in the temple, and swelled to a long agonizing wail, and died away in sobs, broken, melodious, but mad.

No words can convey to you any idea of that cry. John Steenburger lay in his bed, and, as he said afterward, trembled with indescribable pain as it rang in his ears. For the instant it was impossible to believe it was not supernatural. The next instant, with one loud flap of the canvas and a burst like thunder, away went the tents—all of them—and the storm was on us.

How it rained! Floods of water came down in place of drops of rain. Ten seconds and we were soaked, bodily, as we stood; or as we lay, for Sir John and Miss Grandison lay in their beds, their tents having gone with ours, and left them exposed to the storm. Imagine the scene! I alone was on my feet, and not in very presentable garments. But it took only an instant to spring into a bournoose or Arab cloak, and then I ran with the men to Miss Grandison. Sir John was damning the elements generally and looking for his pantaloons. We seized the lady's bed, throwing over her an extra pile of blankets, and carried her over the ruins to the entrance of a dark subterranean passage, which opens up into the very centre of the inclosure. Fortunately I remembered it since the last visit I made here, and I hurried her into this shelter, complete indeed, but not pleasant, since it had been used for sheep and goats more often than human beings to pass the night in.

Leaving her alone to effect such changes as might be necessary, I hastened back and sent her baggage down first. Then we collected our forces, and restored one of the tents to its place. We found it in the portico of the temple; the others we did not find till morning. Extra stakes and extra ropes made it firm, while we piled all the baggage inside of it, and when this was done we began to consider our own state. Never was man more thoroughly drenched. I felt like a water-soaked log, heavy and almost immovable. Withal it grew cold, and we now sought the same shelter I had found for Miss Grandison.

The great platform on which the temples stand is elevated thirty or forty feet above the plain. This elevation is purely artificial, the mound being built up of fine masonry, and perforated with vast arched tunnels running hither and thither through it. Into one of these tunnels we had descended by a passage where it formerly opened up into the great court of the temples.

Sending out a foraging party for wood, we soon had a blazing fire on the stone floor, and the scene was picturesque and not unpleasant. The fire purified the air, and after a hearty laugh at our mishaps, we lay down on the stones and slept.

Strange vicissitudes of life, and strange successions of events in human history!

Grand processions of stately ceremony had passed up this arched hall. The busts that here and there looked down from the wall saw in old times kings and priests and lordly assemblies passing to the altars of the gods.

They looked down now on two weather-beaten Americans and a red-faced, jolly-looking Englishman, all rolled up in coats and cloaks and blankets of divers hues. Nor was there any thing regal or

THE GREAT TEMPLES OF HELIOPOLIS.

queenly to be seen except that the fire-light flashed on the white face of the Lady Kate Grandison as she lay with closed lids and half-open lips; and in that flickering light a satyr or an old god who came back to the temple might well have imagined that he saw the face of an angel.

LITERARY.

THE BOOK OF JOB, Illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by John Gilbert, and with Explanatory Notes and Poetical Parallels *by James Hamilton, D.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Book of Job is the oldest, as it is nearly the grandest poem extant, and well deserves the splendid dress in which it here appears. Abounding as it does in all the elements of poetry, now grand and lofty in utterance, now turgid and swollen and strong, now musical and exquisite in its pathos, it at the same time affords the artist the finest scope for the exercise of his ability, and the imagination a broad field on which to play.

The volume before us has the double merit of solid worth and elegant beauty. The editor, Dr. Hamilton, is one of the very eloquent preachers of the day in England, and is celebrated for his exceedingly delicate sense of the beautiful, his appreciation of all that constitutes true poetry, and for his scholarship in those departments in which the clergyman should most excel. Combining these qualifications, he has already published many works whose literary character has given them wide circulation beyond the small field to which their religious nature would ordinarily confine them. In the present instance he has excelled himself. The author of Job has great imitators, and the book is enriched with noted quotations of parallel passages from more modern authors, showing how much of their inspiration was derived from the inspired prophet.

In passing, we remark a curious fact, to which the author refers, that Klopstock, in describing the resurrection of Job (in the Messiah), does not allude to the exclamation of the old man, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc., which it would be supposed a poet would never have failed to use with great force in describing the time when the awaking old eyes, in their flesh, saw God.

Perhaps the best we can say for the book is this, that on opening it we sat down to it as to a fresh work, and deliberately read the poem from commencement to ending. And this leads us to speak of the illustrations which are introduced as rests on the pages.

The perfection of art can go no farther than art has gone in this day. Surpassing in richness the most elaborate efforts of Castiglione, and in spirit and life excelling Della Bella as much as his etchings excelled old Anthony Von Worm's wood-cuts, these illustrations are deserving of especial attention.

The artist has gathered many of his ideas from modern life in the East, and in this he assumes that Job was an inhabitant of the Bedouin countries, and that the Arabs have not materially changed their habits, costumes, or customs, since the days of Ishmael. In this he is probably correct. The Eastern traveler has always read Job with more understanding for his journeyings in Eastern lands, and to him these drawings will possess a special beauty. There is one cut on page 99, illustrating the passage "I was eyes to the blind," which is worth the price of the volume. Readers will gather from what we have said that the work is suited for a gift-book, and although the first of the holiday books, it is not likely to be surpassed in elegance. But it is also a book whose merit will make it valuable, and which, from its new arrangement and divisions, gives a fresh and startling interest to familiar passages, and will tempt many, as it has tempted us, to read over and again the most eloquent poem of Moses.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD, *by Girolamo Benzoni*, of Milan: showing his Travels in America from A.D. 1541 to 1556; with some Particulars of the Island of Canary. Now first Translated and Edited, *by Rear-Admiral W. H. Smyth.* Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

The author was an Italian, a native of Milan, who, at the age of twenty-two, and in the year 1541, wandered from Italy to Spain, from Spain to the Canary Islands, and there waited a caravel to take him across the Atlantic. His wonder was great at all that he saw and heard. Flying fishes excited his astonishment, as did naked women with great wooden ear-rings on their shoulders. He, however, was not frightened away from the shores of the new continent; but resolutely went on through Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, and to Peru, making notes by the way, and returned in 1556 to Europe, where he published his narrative, which is now for the first time translated into English, although it has appeared in Latin, French, and German, besides several Italian editions. It is obviously a valuable book, and possesses no little interest to historian or antiquarian. The testimony he gives of his astonishment at the sight of natives smoking tobacco is nearly conclusive on the question whence the Turks learned to smoke. It can hardly be possible that natives of Italy should be so astonished by a custom which was in vogue among the Turks at their very doors, and we are left to believe that America has the honor of giving to the Turk his most sublime comfort and solace. The remarks of the author on the use of tobacco are worth quoting:

> In this island, as also in other provinces of these new countries, there are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves, whom the Spaniards have brought from Ethiopia. When these leaves are in season, they pick them, tie them up in bundles, and suspend them near their fire-place till they are very dry; and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize), and putting one of the others into it, they roll them round tight together; then they set fire to one end, and putting the other end into the mouth, they draw their breath up through it, wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can, for they find a pleasure in it, and so much do they fill themselves with this cruel smoke that they lose their reason. And there are some who take so much of it that they fall down as if they were dead, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupefied. Some men are found who are content with imbibing only enough of this smoke to make them giddy, and no more. See what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be! It has happened to me several times that, going through the provinces of *Guatemala* and *Nicaragua*, I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, which in the Mexican language is called *tobacco*, and immediately perceiving the sharp, fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste, and seek some other place.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE KANSAS IMBROGLIO.

GOVERNOR WALKER, of Kansas, has arrived at Washington, and placed himself in communication with the President. According to the statements of the newspaper correspondents, the President and his Cabinet are disposed to approve the action of the Kansas Constitutional Convention in submitting to the people the slavery clause only, and withholding the rest of the Constitution; while Governor Walker is said to take the ground that the doctrine of popular sovereignty requires the submission of the whole Constitution to the people. Governor Walker is understood to entertain a poor opinion of the Constitutional Convention, whose members, he says, do not command the confidence of any portion of the people of Kansas. He is reported to have said that in all Kansas not 300 votes could be polled for the Constitution, and that the whole action of the Convention is viewed with the utmost prejudice. He is believed to recommend an Act of Congress providing for a State Government, and delegating to a new Convention the business of making a Constitution for Kansas.

Letter-writers state that the President is irrevocably opposed to Governor Walker on these points; but that Senators Douglas, Gwin, and other leaders of the Northern Democracy concur with him.

THE CLEW TO THE MORMON WAR.

A letter-writer states that the reason why the Mormons have attacked the Utah expedition, is a prophecy made some time since by Brigham Young, in which he foretold that the United States troops would not enter Salt Lake Valley this year. It is understood that if Colonel Johnson persists and enters the Valley, Governor Young will have a new revelation from heaven, to account for the failure of his prophecy. There is no later news from Utah.

THE TREASURY ESTIMATES.

The Treasury estimates of appropriation for the next fiscal year have been made up, and, despite every effort to reduce them, the total amount estimated is about seventy millions. The estimate for the War Department alone is twenty and a quarter millions—being largely increased by the anticipated Mormon war. The total Naval estimates, including the special service and the construction of the new steam sloops-of-war, amount to fourteen millions. Secretary Cobb still thinks that the Treasury will not be compelled to resort to loans or Treasury notes.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

No further news has been received respecting General Walker: it is rumored at Washington that the force at his disposal is abundant to effect the objects he has in view. During the week a rumor has been current respecting the appointment of a M. Felix Belly as French Commissioner to Central America, and it has been reported that the Emperor of the French desired to settle the affairs of that region by a tripartite treaty between England, France, and the United States. As M. Felix Belly is somewhat notorious for his political diatribes against the United States, the rumor of his appointment does not strike the news letter-writers as auspicious for the settlement of the pending disputes. But it is not yet known whether he has been appointed or no. It is asserted with confidence that Great Britain is disposed to agree to any reasonable scheme of adjustment of the pending questions between herself and the United States, and that Sir William Gore Ouseley will in the course of the winter mature a plan, submit it to the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, and proceed in the spring to Central America to have it adopted there.

NEW TERRITORIES.

Senator Gwin, early in the session of Congress, will introduce a bill to create the Territorial Government of Arizona, but probably under the name of "Colorado." He will not make a similar move with reference to the creation of the Territorial Government of Sierra, for the reason that a part of the country proposed to be incorporated in the new Territory now belongs to the State of California, which has given no official indication of her will, upon which her Senator can propose to cede away her jurisdiction. If the Legislature of California shall indicate an approval of such an arrangement as is anticipated, there will be not the least difficulty in accomplishing it.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

On the first ballot for United States Senator from South Carolina in the State Legislature, on the 27th of November, John S. Preston received eighteen votes, James S. Clements twenty-three, Mr. Pickens thirty-nine, and Mr. Hammond sixty-one. An adjournment took place without an election being made.

At the Hartford town election, on the 23d of November, the Union party elected four selectmen to the Democrats' one.

At the late election in the third district of Louisiana Mr. Davidson, Union Democrat, was elected by a large majority over the American and the Secession Democratic candidate.

We have to announce the election to the Senate of the United States, by the Legislature of Texas, of Hon. J. P. Henderson and Hon. J. W. Hemphill—the first to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Rusk, and the second to succeed General Houston, whose term of office expires on the 3d of March, 1859.

According to the late election returns, the Republican party, which, last November, had a majority of 168,028 in the Northern States, is now in a minority of 55,353—the gain being Democratic.

PERSONAL.

Public indignation has been greatly excited at Washington by a very extraordinary circumstance which transpired last week at the Executive Mansion. While Mr. Buchanan was receiving company, as usual, in the audience-room, he was addressed by a claim agent of the name of Sherman in a very offensive manner, and in so loud a tone as to attract the attention of the visitors who were waiting in the room to pay their respects to the President. Mr. Buchanan was constrained to retire to his private room, which he did with characteristic dignity of manner; and the person who had assailed him in such unbecoming language remained some moments longer to vent his anger, and was permitted to withdraw without the ignominy that should have attended his exit. He has subsequently addressed a written apology to the President, but has demanded an apology from the Attorney-General for his very proper behavior on the occasion of his rudeness.

Sir William Gore Ouseley has taken a house at Washington, and will remain a month or two, advising with Lord Napier relative to Central America, and on our general relations with England.

The rumor that Hon. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, is to be appointed Mr. Dallas's successor in the London mission is revived in diplomatic circles. As Mr. Buchanan recommended Mr. Jones to the late President as his own successor, the rumor is not an improbable one.

Secretary Floyd was attacked near the door of his residence, a few nights since, by several men who appeared to have been watching for the approach of some one. After hearing the tone of the Secretary's voice the gang drew back, as if disappointed in their man, and Mr. Floyd entered his dwelling.

Though General Lamar consents to take the Central American mission, it is not improbable that Mr. Harris, the editor of the *Union*, will yet be appointed in his place, as a change in the editorship is considered desirable.

If Mr. Forsyth could be induced to quit the mission at Mexico, the appointment would probably be conferred upon ex-Governor Rodman M. Price, of New Jersey.

James G. Birney, who died at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, last week, at the age of sixty-five years, has been suffering during the past twelve years from attacks of paralysis, which has recently been complicated with heart disease, and aggravated by the infirmities of old age.

Mr. Birney was born at Danville, Kentucky, in 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and studied law with Mr. Dallas in Philadelphia. At the age of twenty-five he became a planter in Alabama, and the owner of thirty-five slaves, but soon afterward entered upon the practice of his profession again at Huntsville, Kentucky. Early in life Mr. Birney became interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, and not only freed his own slaves, but induced his father to make such a disposition of his estate as to leave him his twenty-one slaves, when he set them free at once. In 1834 he attempted to start an Anti-Slavery newspaper in Kentucky, but finding it impossible to procure printers there, commenced its publication in Ohio, where it excited the most violent hostility. In 1844, when living in Michigan, he became the "Liberty Party" candidate for the Presidency, and has been thought by the friends of Mr. Clay to have largely contributed to his defeat. Since that time the public have rarely heard of him; but he has continued to be the centre of a circle of ardent friends. That his youngest son might enjoy the advantages of Mr. Theodore Weld's school, and that he might be nearer the friends of the reforms which he had much at heart, he removed to New Jersey. Mr. Birney has been twice married. His second wife, who was a sister-in-law of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, survives him. His character was singularly pure, and his reputation is without a blemish.

A gossiping Washington letter writer says:

"The fashionable festivities of the season have been inaugurated by the *début* of pretty Juliana May, a niece of the universally respected Mr. Gales, of the *Intelligencer;* by the marriage of Malcom Seaton, Esq., a son of Mr. Seaton, of the same excellent journal; by the concerts of the Frezzolini and the Strakosch, with the Thalberg accompaniment; by a delightful party given by the lady of Mr. Secretary Thompson, of the department of the Interior, to introduce a young and fair Mississippi belle into metropolitan society—and, crowning all, like the conclusion of a *feu d'artifice*, by a grand musical entertainment, given by Lord and Lady Napier, in honor of Sir William Gore Ouseley, who will remain here some time, *en route* for Central America.

"Sir William Gore Ouseley was, of course, the lion of the evening, and good-looking representative of the British Lion he was, wearing the brilliant star of Civil Knight Commander of the Bath. A few of the guests were his acquaintances when he was here nearly thirty years ago, and won the affections of the present Lady Ouseley—then Miss Van Ness, who was residing with her uncle at the Van Ness Mansion, that delightful *rus in urbe*. The young diplomatist, on his return to Great Britain in 1830, gave evidence of his appreciation of our country and its people, by publishing a work refuting the absurd slanders of Captain Basil Hall and other prejudiced tourists, entitled *Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States.* With such antecedents, and his long experience in South American diplomacy, joined to great suavity of manner, Sir William is the very man to settle the Central American imbroglio. He is now at Willard's, but intends taking private quarters, when he will return to your city for Lady and Miss Ouseley."

A curious will case is pending in Dallas County, Alabama. Ephraim Pool, last summer, died after a short illness, but procured the services of a friend to draw his will. By that instrument he bequeathed a fortune of $60,000 to two mulatto women and their children, his own offspring, and gave the drawer of the will a negro for his trouble, besides making him sole trustee, with direction to send these slaves to a free State. The heirs of Pool contest the will on the ground that he was of unsound mind. No decision yet.

We are informed that Señor Don Napoleon Escalante and Señor Don Luis Molina were last week introduced to the President by the Secretary of State, and delivered their credentials as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Costa Rica to the Government of the United States.

General Haskill, of Tennessee, having recovered from his insanity, is on a lecturing tour.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that the Hon. Nathan Clifford, of Maine, will be nominated by the President as Judge of the Supreme Court in place of Judge Curtis.

Miss Elizabeth Baskin, of Milo, New York, has recovered a verdict of $900 against George L. Jones for breach of promise of marriage. His defense was, that after they were engaged Miss Baskin became a convert to Spiritualism and a medium.

At the mayoralty meeting the other evening, Colonel Doheny is reported to have commenced his speech by stating that he had to present to them a cane that was voted to Brooks, of South Carolina, after he whipped Sumner, the libeler of the South. The cane belonged to the gentleman who had preceded him (Mr. Banks), and he (Mr. D.) presumed that a more grateful present could not be offered to the people of New York.

Professor Marion (the unfortunate balloonist) is actually making a lively place of Hudson. On Friday night the citizens of Hudson held a meeting for the purpose of listening to the Professor's narrative of his late balloon ascension. The house was full—some $75 having been taken at the doors by voluntary contribution. During the meeting the door-keeper took the "Sabine slide," and disappeared with the proceeds.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says, the Free Lovers of Berlin Heights, who have been on trial several days at Sandusky, Ohio, have been broken up. Mrs. Lewis, who was enticed away from her home in New York by a Mr. Tyler, has gone back with her husband; the balance are in jail, under bonds, or pledged to leave the country for their country's good.

Ansel Bowen, a young man residing in Westerly, Rhode Island, was the subject of a curious physical phenomenon a short time since. On the 29th of October, having some business to transact in another village a short distance from Westerly, he was proceeding to transact it, and before he entered the place, while walking along by the road-side, he suddenly felt as though a dark cloud was passing athwart his face, and the next moment he was stricken entirely blind. In a moment more he lost the use of his speech, so that by all his endeavors he was absolutely unable to utter a single sound. To crown all, his calamities were increased by the loss of his sense of hearing, which instantly left him. He remained in this state for seventeen days, when his senses returned. He is now well.

The remains of Commodore Newton, who died at Washington a few months ago, while in the discharge of his duties as the President of one of the Naval Courts of Inquiry, have been removed, by his children and relatives, from their temporary resting-place in the Congressional cemetery, to the cemetery near Alexandria, Virginia, where the remains of many of his ancestors and relatives have been interred, some of them for perhaps a century. Commodore N.'s remains now lie appropriately by the side of those of his immediate parents.

Sir Charles Fox, the distinguished English engineer, is the guest of Hon. C. W. Upham, at Salem, Massachusetts.

M. Felix Belly, a distinguished *litterateur* and politician, whose hostility to the United States is well known in the political circles of Paris, is said to have been appointed by the French government as a special minister to Central America, to arrange with Sir William Gore Ousley and such person as may be appointed on the part of the United States Government the questions pending between the states of Central America and the great Powers.

A maiden lady in Westport, Massachusetts, who is possessed of considerable real estate, on being called upon to pay her highway tax for the present year, claimed an equal privilege with the lords of creation, of working it out upon the highway, and actually appeared with hoe in hand and discharged her duty to the satisfaction of the Surveyor.

The Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, formerly President of Amherst College, as we learn from one of our contemporaries, has been employing his "vigorous pen" in reprobating the conduct of divers and sundry farmers in the valley of the Connecticut, in devoting their rich, alluvial lands to the growth of tobacco, instead of grain, potatoes, flax, or broom corn.

The church choirs of New York are severely handled by the *Churchman*. Eating nuts, cracking jokes, and irreverent conduct generally during services are the crimes charged upon a very large class of professional singers. The *Churchman* is very bitter against the whole system of choir service in the Episcopal Church in New York.

The pulpit of the South Church in Salem, Massachusetts, was occupied last Sunday by two brothers, Revs. Reuben and Brown Everson, one of whom is eighty-seven years old, and the other eighty. The brothers have been settled within nine miles of each other for fifty-three years.

Lady Byron has sent over a contribution of $25 to the Children's Aid Society of this city, to be used for the benefit of poor children.

George R. Gliddon, formerly United States Consul to Egypt, and the author of several scientific works, died at Panama on 16th ult.

PROSPECT OF FORTY-SEVEN STATES.

We take the following from the Boston *Journal:* "Would any one believe, without looking into it, that we are in a fair way of carrying the number of sovereign States, originally thirteen and now thirty-one, up to forty-seven? But so it is. In the first place, there are Oregon, Kansas, and Minnesota, whose constitutions are already formed or forming. It is hoped that they will be admitted the coming winter, making the members of the confederacy thirty-four. Then New Mexico, Nebraska, and Washington, already thriving Territories, will swell the aggregate to thirty-seven. Four new States to be carved out of Texas, according to provisions in the new treaty of annexation, will give us forty-one. Two additional States demanded from the area now included in California would make forty-three. Arizona, Neosho, Dacotah, and Columbus Territories carry us up to forty-six; and Utah will be forty-seventh."

RATS CAUSING A DELUGE.

The Hartford *Courant* of the 21st relates a story of a family in that city who were greatly troubled with rats, and tried various plans to get rid of the nuisance, without success. Finally, the rat-holes were stopped up with tin, in hopes the depredators would take themselves off on finding that egress was impossible through the accustomed channels. But one morning the inmates of the house were awakened by the sound of water rushing on the kitchen floor, and it was found that the rats had gnawed through the lead pipe in two places, between the floors, thus causing the leak. One of the holes thus made was near the surface of the floor, and the rats had made a hole large enough to permit a stream of water of considerable size to pour on the floor above, and the stream from the other incision was finding its way below. The floors, both above and below, were completely deluged with water, doing damage to the ceiling underneath, and flooding the kitchen. Iron pipes will be found impenetrable to the teeth of rats, and that is the kind of pipe that should be used in ratty houses.

CANVAS-BACK DUCK SHOOTING.

From all accounts it appears that the canvas-backs have been more plenty than usual in our waters this season; and this is most fortunate, as all eyes are turned toward the Chesapeake and its tributaries for a supply of this most delicious game. We have heard of many great feats by our amateur gunners this fall, but the tallest we know of was that of S. H. and J. H. Hyde, at Cedar Point, Black River, who shot, on Monday and Tuesday morning, 115 canvas-back ducks, as fine as we have ever seen.

TWO TONS OF TURKEYS GIVEN AWAY.

The annual presentation of turkeys to the married employés of the Boston and Worcester Railroad Corporation, and such of the unmarried as have families to support, took place at the dépôt in Boston, on 25th ultimo. The men, to the number of about four hundred and fifty, assembled in the hall over the dépôt, at about nine o'clock, and were addressed by the President of the road, Genery Twichell, Esq. He referred to the pressure which affected all kinds of business, and explained reasons for the reduction of wages. The presentation of the turkeys then took place. Nearly two tons of turkeys were given away, the recipients being four hundred and sixty-five in number. The poultry was purchased from a Mr. Langworthy, of Connecticut, at the rate of fifteen cents per pound. The ceremony lasted an hour or more.

A WIFE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Last Saturday evening a gentleman, residing at Jamaica Plain, was sitting with his wife and some friends at their parlor fire, when the door-bell was violently rung. The lady rose, but then suggested to her husband that, as the girl was out, he had better go to the front door. Accordingly, he opened it, and found no one there; but there was a nicely done up basket, covered with white linen, at his feet, and he thought he heard the rustling of a female dress departing. After looking vainly up and down the street and around the portal, he took the basket into the parlor. On the covering being removed, a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman of the house with being the father, and implored him to support it.

A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and the indignant husband, the latter utterly denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The friends interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive the husband, although he still stood to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally the lady very roguishly told her husband that it was strange he should not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from its cradle up stairs by the nurse, for the very purpose of playing the joke; and the surprised husband finally joined in the laugh which was raised at his expense.

A NEW MAZEPPA.

One John Rules, of Springfield, Illinois, came to his death in a terrible manner on September 13, near Columbia, Oregon Territory. The *Tuolumne Courier* says that he had been indulging freely, and being rather noisy, a friend volunteered to see him home. After some trouble he was mounted upon his friend's horse, and, for greater security, his legs were tied together under the horse's belly. The party then set out for Springfield, Rules's companion leading the horse. When near the lower end of Broadway the animal became restive, reared, and fell back on his rider, but immediately sprang up and galloped away like the wind. As the horse got to his feet the saddle turned with Rules, and, being fastened to the beast, at every bound his head dashed against the ground. This Mazeppa-like ride was checked at Brazee's lumber-yard, upward of a quarter of a mile from the starting-point. Rules was taken from the horse dead and horribly mangled. His arm was broken in several places, and his brains mingled with the dust of the road.

GOLD FEVER ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

The Detroit *Free Press* learns, from a private source, that considerable excitement was lately caused at Ontonagon by the arrival of a party of Indians from the head waters of the Menominee River, bringing with them some remarkably rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz. They represented that the country was rich with the same species of mineral. Some of the leading mining men of Ontonagon, after examining the specimens, formed an agreement with the Indians to guide them to the place from which they procured the specimens, and also to keep the matter a secret for the present. By their special request the Ontonagon papers are also silent in regard to the expedition. The Menominee River rises in Marquette County, and flows southeast into Green Bay. It forms the southern boundary of the peninsula. It is thought that the heavy snows which have lately fallen will, perhaps, prevent the expedition from reaching its destination this fall.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SUSPENSION OF THE BANK CHARTER.

ON 11th ult. the money embarrassment resulted in a fearful panic throughout the whole country. All the Banks utterly refused to discount to their patrons, which naturally added to the wild excitement, until the afternoon of Thursday, when a Treasury letter appeared in London, and was instantly transmitted by telegraph to all the chief cities and towns, suspending the Bank Charter Act, and authorizing the issue of notes to any amount on approved securities. The effect at every point was instantaneous, and the panic ceased as if by magic. At Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other important cities, the news was received with the most extravagant acclamations of joy.

The following is the letter referred to:

"DOWNING STREET, 12th Nov.

"GENTLEMEN,—Her Majesty's Government have observed with great concern the serious consequences which have ensued from the recent failure of certain joint-stock banks in England and Scotland, as well as of certain large mercantile firms, chiefly connected with the American trade.

"The discredit and distrust which have resulted from these events, and the withdrawal of a large amount of the paper circulation authorized by the existing Bank Acts, appear to her Majesty's Government to render it necessary for them to inform the Bank of England that if they should be unable in the present emergency to meet the demands for discounts and advances upon approved securities, without exceeding the limits of their circulation prescribed by the Act of 1844, the Government will be prepared to propose to Parliament, upon its meeting, a Bill of Indemnity for any excess so issued.

"In order to prevent this temporary relaxation of the law being extended beyond the actual necessities of the occasion, her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the Bank terms of discount should not be reduced below their present rate.

"Her Majesty's Government reserve, for future consideration, the appropriation of any profit which may arise upon issues in excess of the statutory amount.

"Her Majesty's Government are fully impressed with the importance of maintaining the letter of the law, even in a time of considerable mercantile difficulty, but they believe that, for the removal of apprehensions which have checked the course of monetary transactions, such a measure as is now contemplated has become necessary, and they rely upon the discretion and prudence of the directors for confining its operation within the strict limits of the exigencies of the case. We have, etc.,

(Signed) "PALMERSTON.
"G. C. LEWIS.

"The Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England."

FAILURES IN ENGLAND.

We have the following corrected and extended list of failures and suspensions which took place subsequent to the departure of the *Atlantic* from Liverpool on the 11th ult.:

City Bank of Glasgow	Glasgow.
Sanderson, Sandemann, and Co.	London.
Fitch and Skeet	London.
J. Monteith and Co.	Glasgow.
Wilson, Morgan, and Co	London.
Mackenzie, Ramsay, and Co	Dundee.
Bowman, Grinnell, and Co.	Liverpool.
Draper, Pietroni, and Co.	London.
Steegman and Co	Nottingham.
Monro, Grant, and Co.	Swansea.
Coddington and Co.	Liverpool.
R. Bainbridge and Co	London.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

It has been resolved to call Parliament together at once, in order to settle the questions raised by the present crisis, and to register for Ministers and the Bank Directors that indemnity for which they are obliged to appeal. A Council was held directly, at which it is believed that an early day was fixed for the meeting of Parliament.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

The *Court Journal* says: "Although it is yet too early to discuss the ceremonials to be observed at the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, yet our readers may be assured the ceremony will take place at the Chapel Royal, and that the arrangements adhered to at the nuptials of her Majesty and the Prince Consort will be the model for the proceedings at the wedding of the Princess Royal. The Court will leave Windsor early in January, and will take up its abode at Buckingham Palace. After the marriage the royal pair will retire to Windsor Castle, and, remaining there a week, will return to town to receive the public congratulations of the Court on their union. This is, at present, the arrangement; but it may be greatly modified, or even altered, should there be any serious change in the health of the King of Prussia. In the case of a fatal result every thing would depend on the time when it took place; but should matters progress as at present, our readers may depend that the course we have indicated will be the one followed."

FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND A TIGER.

Our readers doubtless noticed, a few days back, an account of a tiger which escaped from a cattle truck in Ratcliff-Highway, London, and which, after running along the centre of the road for some distance, was caught by his keepers while in the act of tearing a lad who unfortunately crossed the animal's path. The tiger was the property of Mr. Jamrach, and he sold it a day or two afterward to Mr. Edmonds, the successor of Wombwell, for his well-known traveling menagerie, which it joined at West Bromwich. It was placed in one of the ordinary carriages, one of two compartments, the adjoining den being occupied by a very fine lion, six or seven years old, for which Mr. Edmonds gave £300 three years ago. The attendants had all left the menagerie to go to breakfast, when suddenly those in the carriage which the proprietors occupy were alarmed by an unusual outcry among the beasts. They soon discovered the cause. The newly-bought tiger had burglariously broken through the "slide" or partition dividing his den from that of the lion, and had the latter in his terrible grasp. The combat which ensued was a terrific one. The lion acted chiefly on the defensive, and, having probably been considerably tamed by his three years' confinement, the tiger had the advantage. His attacks were of the most ferocious kind. The lion's mane saved his head and neck from being much injured, but the savage assailant at last succeeded in ripping up his belly, and then the poor animal was at the tiger's mercy. The lion was dead in a few minutes. The scene was a fearful one. The inmates of every den seemed to be excited by the conflict, and their roaring and howling might have been heard a quarter of a mile distant. Of course Mr. Edmonds and his man could not interfere while the conflict lasted, but when the tiger's fury had partly subsided they managed to remove the carcass. He must have used his paws as a sort of battering-ram against the partition, as it was pushed in rather than torn down. He cost Mr. Edmonds £400.

SUED FOR A WOODEN LEG.

The guardians of Ruthin Union have been applied to by one of their relieving officers for an order to compel a Mrs. Jones, of Derven, to surrender a wooden leg used by her husband when alive. It seems that the husband some years ago was supplied by the guardians at his own request with a wooden leg of first-rate quality, which cost the sum of £6, and since his decease the widow has been called upon to restore the leg, which she has refused to do, unless for a compensation. She alleges that the leg was a part of her husband, and now it is a portion of his goods and chattels.

MISERIES OF A MILLIONNAIRE.

There is a curious story about the late Mr. Morrison, who has recently died worth four millions of money. It is said that, during the last two years of his life, he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, imagining that he was in the utmost poverty, and that but by daily labor could he get daily bread. His friends, accordingly, used to place a spade in his hands, and sent him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted.

FRANCE.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

The *Moniteur* contains the following letter from the Emperor to M. Magne:

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I see with pain that, without either real or apparent cause, the public credit is injured by chimerical fears, and by the propagation of *soi-disant* remedies for an evil which only exists in the imagination. In preceding years apprehensions had some foundation—a succession of bad harvests compelling us to export many hundred millions of specie to pay for the corn which we required, and yet we were able to avert a crisis, and defy the sad predictions of alarmists, by simple measures of prudence adopted momentarily by the Bank. To-day, why is it not understood that the same results are rendered yet easier by laws which permit the rise of discount, and which suffice *à fortiori* to preserve the Bank specie, seeing that we are in very much better conditions than last year, the harvest having been abundant, and the metallic reserve more considerable? I beg you to deny peremptorily all absurd projects attributed to the Government—the propagation of which so easily creates alarm—and not without pride that we can affirm of France that there is no country in Europe where the public credit rests upon more extensive and solid bases. Your remarkable report confirms it. Give heart to those who vainly frighten themselves; assure them that I am firmly resolved not to employ empirical means only resorted to in cases, happily so rare, in which catastrophes beyond human foresight break upon a country.

"NAPOLEON."

The Bank of France has fixed its discount for bills, having thirty-one days to run, at 8 per cent.; from thirty-one days to sixty, 9 per cent.; and from sixty-one to ninety, 10 per cent. The export and distillation of cereals are permitted.

THE EMPEROR ON HIS TRAVELS.

Of the Imperial visit to Coucy, a French paper gives the following account: "Their Majesties left Compiègne at mid-day, and proceeded by railway to Chauny, where seven open carriages and a van for the domestics and provisions were waiting. The whole party proceeded at once to Coucy, where they arrived at about two o'clock. The sub-prefect and other local authorities, together with the municipal council, were waiting in the yard of the château to receive the visitors, and the sub-prefect made a brief address to their Majesties. The Emperor replied, 'It is long since I have desired to become acquainted with your town.' The Emperor and Empress then proceeded to visit the ruins of the château, which are among the most remarkable in France. Their Majesties examined the donjon, the Salle des Preuses, and the principal towers, with marked interest; and the Emperor frequently expressed his admiration at the solemn grandeur of the ruins. After making inquiries respecting the repairs in progress, the Emperor expressed a desire to visit the subterranean constructions, which on account of the danger they present have long been closed to visitors. All the workmen, more than forty in number, employed in the ruins thereupon took torches, and the Emperor examined the constructions in detail. On returning his Majesty presented the workmen with 200 francs, they manifesting their gratitude by cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' The Emperor and Empress on leaving the ruins went to the Hotel de Ville, and there his Majesty gave 1000 francs to the poor."

HORRIBLE MURDER AND MUTILATION.

A French paper gives the following details of the discovery of a human body at the railway station at Choisy-le-Roy: "The cask containing the body was found about two months back standing among packages which had come by a goods train from Paris, but was not inserted in the way-bill. As it was, however, directed to a person at Choisy, it was on the following day sent by one of the porters as directed, but it was brought back again by him, in consequence of no such name being known in the place, and it was then stored away in the warehouse. There it lay for several weeks, and as no one came to claim it, the station-master, having his suspicions roused, perhaps, by the accounts which he had read in the papers about the Waterloo Bridge (London) tragedy, resolved to open the cask and ascertain its contents. After knocking in one of the heads, an envelope of oil-cloth was seen, and on this being removed the next thing which came to view was a quantity of hay. Into this he plunged his hand, but withdrew it again in horror, from its coming in contact with something like flesh, and of death-like coldness. On the hay being removed, the half-putrefied body of a female was discovered. The after examination testified to a dreadful atrocity in the commission of the crime. The head had been cut off, and was wanting. The legs had been bent up toward the sides, so as to make the body fit into the cask; and, in order to shorten them, the feet had been also removed. In order to lessen the emanations which would naturally proceed from the body, the entrails had been taken out through two orifices, one on either side of the abdomen, and in order as it were to reduce the size, the hands were forced into the orifices on either side, as if into pockets. As the station is close to the river, it is supposed that the cask must have been brought in the night and placed where it was found, so that a supposition might be entertained that the crime had been committed at Paris. The fact of no emanations proceeding from the cask is explained by the manner in which the body was enveloped in a thick layer of hay, and afterward covered over with the oil-cloth." Another paper asserts that the body was nothing but a mummy, and must have been that of a person dead at least fifty years ago.

EXECUTION OF A MURDERESS.

The woman Juge, who was some time ago condemned to death by the Court of Assizes of the Jura, for having poisoned the children of her husband by a former wife, at La Vieille-Loye, in that department, has just been executed at Lons-le-Saulnier. When told that her last hour had arrived, she trembled violently, but soon became calm, and listened attentively to the exhortations of a priest. On arriving at the scaffold, she firmly ascended to the platform, and said to the executioner, "Do not, I pray you, uncover my bosom, for I am not an immodest woman;" and allowed herself to be quietly strapped to the plank. A few seconds after the knife fell. A large crowd surrounded the scaffold.

A CHILD EATEN BY A SOW.

The wife of a carpenter of Le Grand Celland, near Avranches (Manche), went out the other day, leaving her female child, fifteen months old, sleeping in the cradle. On her return she was horrified to see that a huge sow had upset the cradle, and was about to devour the little creature. She drove the animal away, but unfortunately found that three fingers of the child had been bitten off, and that her face was horribly mutilated.

A BALL IN A MAN'S HEAD.

Seventeen years ago a French officer, Commandant Ulrich, at the battle of Col de la Monzaia, in Algeria, was struck in the eye by a ball which penetrated the head and remained there, notwithstanding the efforts made to extract it. This officer has since risen to the rank of Colonel, suffering occasionally great inconvenience from the ball, especially when riding on horseback. Latterly, feeling ill, he went to the watering-place of Allevard, where he was seized with a slight attack of apoplexy. Awaking from his sleep with a sense of suffocation, he felt the ball dropping from the upper part of his mouth to the throat. He seized it and obtained a deliverance from his old enemy. Though corroded, the ball weighs about four-fifths of an ounce.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

The *Independance Belge* tells the following story: "A ticket-porter, nearly four years ago, delivered to the proprietor of the Hôtel des Etrangers a hat-box, which, he said, had been intrusted to him by an Englishman, who requested the landlord to have a bedroom prepared for him in the hotel, where he should arrive the following day. Months and years, however, passed away, and no one appeared to claim the box, which was thrown into a garret, and there lay forgotten. A few days ago, the landlord, on reading in the English journals an account of the mysterious murder in London, called to mind the fact of the hat-box, and had it sought for, thinking that perhaps it might contain some part of a human body. On its being opened, to his great astonishment, he found in it bank-notes to the amount of £60,000. The box and its apparently valuable contents were handed over to the custody of the police. Conjectures of all kinds were formed concerning it. Some persons imagined that the owner was a thief, and had been afraid to claim the property through fear of being arrested; others supposed it might belong to some rich man, who had died suddenly, or had been murdered on the day he sent the box. The police delivered up the notes to the English Consul, who sent three of them to the Bank of England to ascertain whether they were genuine."

RUSSIA.

ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

A St. Petersburg letter, in the *New Prussian Gazette*, says: "The expectation which has been gradually gaining ground of the speedy suppression of slavery has become a certainty since the return of the Emperor. It is now known that his Majesty is firmly resolved on this reform, and it is thought that the 18th of December—the fête-day of the Emperor Nicholas—has been fixed on for the publication of this measure, because his late Majesty, when on his death-bed, recommended it to his son."

ITALY.

GOVERNMENT CORRUPTIONS.

What the state of the provinces is, and what results are derived from the civil commissions which were instituted in the spring, and about which there was such a fuss made, you may gather from the following anecdote: Among others, Signor Jocca, Advocate-General of the Supreme Court of Justice, was sent to Puglia as commissioner. At Lecce he was informed of a series of thefts committed to the prejudice of Government by the natural son of a man of high family. To be more certain, he consulted higher functionaries, whose reports all agreed, and the Intendente was informed of the facts. "By superior order," however, these men have all been driven from the province; for the friends of the Government must be supported, and their little peccadilloes must be regarded as the perquisites of their fidelity.

GERMANY.

A RATHER BAD BOY.

An extraordinary affair is related in a Silesian journal. Five little children, belonging to two tradesmen of Bolkenhayn, in that country, went, a few days ago, to play in a garden, and were joined by a boy of eleven, who has been always noted for the perversity of his disposition. After a while their parents sought for them, but, to their astonishment, found that they had disappeared. After looking a long while, they found them lying piled one on another in a large wooden case in a shed in the garden; four were dead, and the fifth, though still breathing, was in so desperate a state that he died shortly after. The lad referred to was then questioned, and he calmly related the astounding fact that he had persuaded the children to enter the case in play, had then slammed down the lid, and seated himself on it—remaining there for three quarters of an hour, listening to their cries and groans. He then raised the lid to see if they were dead, and finding that they were not so, had fastened it by means of a hasp; after which he had gone away to fly his kite! This little monster has been arrested

SPAIN.

PROSPECT OF A DUEL.

A scandalous scene occurred last year, in presence of the wife of General Aleson, between Narvaez and Guel y Rente, when the latter was violently assaulted by the former. A duel was expected to ensue, but it was prevented by Narvaez having become, a day or two after, Prime Minister, when his adversary was obliged to quit Spain. Guel y Rente is married to the Infanta Josepha, and is consequently brother-in-law to the King Consort. He resided in Paris for some time, but he has just returned to Madrid; and, as Narvaez is now merely a private individual, Guel y Rente charged his friend General Prim with a hostile message to Narvaez. The duel he proposes is one that must be mortal to one or other of the combatants. We do not yet know whether Narvaez will accept the challenge. In the mean time the wretched Nocedal, so arrogant when Minister, dares not show himself in the streets. He keeps in concealment at Toledo, with a few of his partisans.

MEXICO.

PROSPECT OF ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

The latest arrivals from Mexico state that the country was in a most distracted condition, and another general revolution was impending. Resolutions were pending between the Revolutionists and General Santa Anna, whom, undoubtedly, they intend for President. Of the passengers on the *Tennessee*, there are twenty-three political exiles; and among these are ex-President Silas Jose Washington, Colonel Romero, and William Moran, editor of the *Extraordinaire*, who was imprisoned for publications against the Governor of Zacatecas. Comonfort's fall was considered certain, and it was thought doubtful whether his life would be spared if he remained in the country.

CANADA.

NEW ADMINISTRATION.

A new Administration was formed and sworn in on 27th ult. It is composed of Messrs. John A. M'Donald, Premier and Attorney-General, Upper Canada; William Cayley, Inspector-General; Robert Spence, Postmaster-General; G. E. Cartier, Attorney-General, Lower Canada; J. C. Morrison, Receiver-General; P. M. Vankoughnet, President Executive Council; T. J. J. Loranger, Provincial Secretary; N. F. Belleau, President Legislative Council; Charles Alleyn, Commissioner Public Works; L. V. Sicotte, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

HEAVY DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILWAY COMPANY.

We find in the Toronto *Globe* some interesting details of another action against the Great Western Railroad Company, to recover damages for the death of Mr. Alexander Grant, caused by the terrible accident of the Desjardins Bridge. The action was brought by Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, the widow of the deceased. It appeared in evidence that Mr. Grant was a man of great industry, ability, and foresight. He had commenced business as a gardener, penniless, seventeen years ago, but he realized sufficient to commence a curiosity store on Goat Island, at the Niagara Falls. In it he acquired a considerable amount of property, and at the time of his death was making $3000 or $4000 per annum, in the regular course of his business. He left behind property to the amount of $33,000, and debts to the amount of $13,000. But he was not alive to meet the latter, and certain mortgages being due, his property had to be sold, leaving his wife and children—of whom four were girls, under sixteen years of age—almost destitute. The jury, after half an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages as follows: For the widow, $6000; for the first child, $100; for the second child, $600; for the third child, $1000; for the fourth child, $1200; for the fifth child, $2000. Total, $11,200.

INDIA.

THE STORMING OF DELHI.

We have the official account of the first three days' work at Delhi. The dispatch thus describes the departure of the storming-party:

"At 4 A.M. the different columns fell in, and were marched to their respective places, the heads of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 columns being kept concealed until the moment for the actual assault should arrive. The signal was to be the advance of the Rifles to the front to cover the heads of the columns by skirmishing.

"Every thing being ready, General Nicholson, whose excellent arrangements elicited the admiration of all, gave the signal, and the Rifles dashed to the front with a cheer, extending along and skirmishing the low jungle, which at this point extends to within fifty yards of the ditch. At the same moment the heads of No. 1 and 2 columns emerged from the Koodsee Bagh, and advanced steadily toward the breach. Our batteries had maintained a tremendous fire up to the moment of the advance of the troops, and not a gun could the enemy bring to bear on the storming columns; but no sooner did those emerge into the open than a perfect hailstorm of bullets met them from the front and both flanks, and officers and men fell fast on the crest of the glacis. For ten minutes it was impossible to get the ladders down into the ditch to ascend the scarp, but the determination of the British soldier carried all before it, and Pandy declined to meet the charge of the British bayonet. With a shout and a rush the breaches were both won, and the enemy fled in confusion.

HEROISM OF THE ENGINEERS.

"Meanwhile the explosion party advanced in front of the column straight upon the Cashmere Gate. This little band of heroes had to advance in broad daylight to the gateway, in the very teeth of a hot fire of musketry from above, and through the gateway and on both flanks the powder-bags were coolly laid and adjusted; but Lieutenant Salkeld was, by this time, *hors de combat*, with two bullets in him. Sergeant Carmichael then attempted to fire the train, but was shot dead. Sergeant Burgess then tried and succeeded, but paid for the daring act with his life. Sergeant Smith, thinking that Burgess too had failed, ran forward, but seeing the train alight had just time to throw himself into the ditch and escape the effects of the explosion. With a loud crash the gateway was blown in, and through it the third column rushed to the assault, and entered the town just as the other columns had won the breaches. General Wilson has since bestowed the Victoria Cross on Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, on Sergeant Smith, and on a brave man of H. M. Fifty-second, who stood by Lieutenant Salkeld to the last, and bound up his wounds."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE SAME.

Another account gives the following version of this brilliant affair: "The signal given for the rush at the walls was the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate, which most dangerous duty devolved on Lieutenant Salkeld of the Engineers.

"The whole was done by escalade, as the breach was not complete enough to enter without ladders. Lieutenant Salkeld approached with three sergeants, under a tremendous fire of musketry. He was first shot through the arm; notwithstanding that, he went on to the gate with the bags of powder; as they approached one sergeant was killed; the second sergeant took up the bags, assisting Lieutenant Salkeld, knocked them on to the spikes of the gate, not being able to put them underneath, as the wicket gate was opened, and about 20 muskets pointed up, as well as through many holes in the gateway, firing from both flanks from the wall. As Lieutenant Salkeld put on the bags he was shot through the leg, and fell; the second sergeant lit the match, but after lighting it he said to Lieutenant Salkeld on the ground, "I fear the match has not taken light, Sir." At the word "Sir," he fell dead, riddled with balls. The match did ignite, blew open the gate; the third sergeant escaped unhurt. At the signal the troops rushed on—every one who carried the scaling ladders of the 2d Fusileers was knocked over; however they rushed on, put up the ladders (many of which were found to be too short), changing their positions, got on the walls, cheered, and rushed down upon the enemy, and carried the place."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEALTH DRUNK IN THE PALACE.

On the night of the 21st of September, the conqueror, General Wilson, proposed the health of Queen Victoria in the Dewan-i-Khas, the beautiful white marble durbar hall of the palace, where once stood the famed peacock throne, and which bears the well-known inscription, meant to apply to the palace and the gardens generally, and which now reads like a mockery—

"Oh! if there's an Eden on earth, it is this."

Here, in the palace of the great Moguls, the health of the Queen was drunk by her victorious soldiers with enthusiastic cheers, which were taken up by the gallant Ghoorkas who formed the personal guard of the General.

CAMP INCIDENTS—THE NIGHT FIRING.

An officer writes: "For six successive days and nights they kept up a continual musketry fire upon our batteries and breast-works; but, as they will not come out in the open, they fire at very long distances, and our men are not turned out for them; so their object, which was to tire us out, was lost, as the men on duty at the pickets lay down behind the breast-works, and let the rebels fire away without returning a shot; once they did come out into the open space before our batteries, and the Ghoorkas and Sikhs gave them a couple of volleys, and they soon decamped. I was up the other night, making a shot-proof parapet between two of our batteries, and they were firing the whole night, but I had only three men hit. I was marking out the ground with white tape, and the bullets came flying about as thick as peas; one went into the ground just under my feet. I have not been hit yet, thank God. I am quite used to the whistle of the bullets. The only things I don't like are round shot at night, because you can't see where it comes from, and you never know when you are safe; but shells are quite plain in the air on account of the fusee, and if you see one coming close you have only to throw yourself down on the ground, and even if it bursts over you the pieces go forward, and you are all right. One night, when I was on duty at the right battery, the enemy fired some rockets; they were beautiful in the dark sky as they came roaring along (rather different from Penly's). The enemy were about eight hundred yards below, as in a dense garden, and it was a dark night; and it was really beautiful to see this fiery serpent rush from his dark bed in the trees, soaring in the air, and his long tail of sparks after him. None of them came very close, though one did take off a portion of the top of a magazine in one of our batteries, but fortunately did not penetrate.

PLEASANT LITTLE GHOORKAS.

"The other day a rifleman of the 2d E. B. Fusiliers and a Ghoorka were standing together in a breast-work, when the enemy were out, and a Pandy had crawled up close to them, under shelter of a piece of rock, and they could not hit him, as he just put his musket over the stone and fired; so the Ghoorka put down his musket and drew his 'Kookree,' or heavy hunting-knife, and crawled up to this stone, and as soon as he saw the musket over the stone he jumped up, seized the man, and cut his head off, before he knew any thing about it; this was told me by an eye-witness. Up in the batteries, one day, a native artilleryman said he was going down to drink some water, got over the parapet, and went down the hill toward Delhi; a Ghoorka saw him, and said, 'That man is going into Delhi, I go and look after him;' and sure enough the brute was going into the city, little thinking a Ghoorka was stalking him like a deer; the man got close to the walls, when he was shot by the Ghoorka, and the little fellow came back justly proud of his feat.

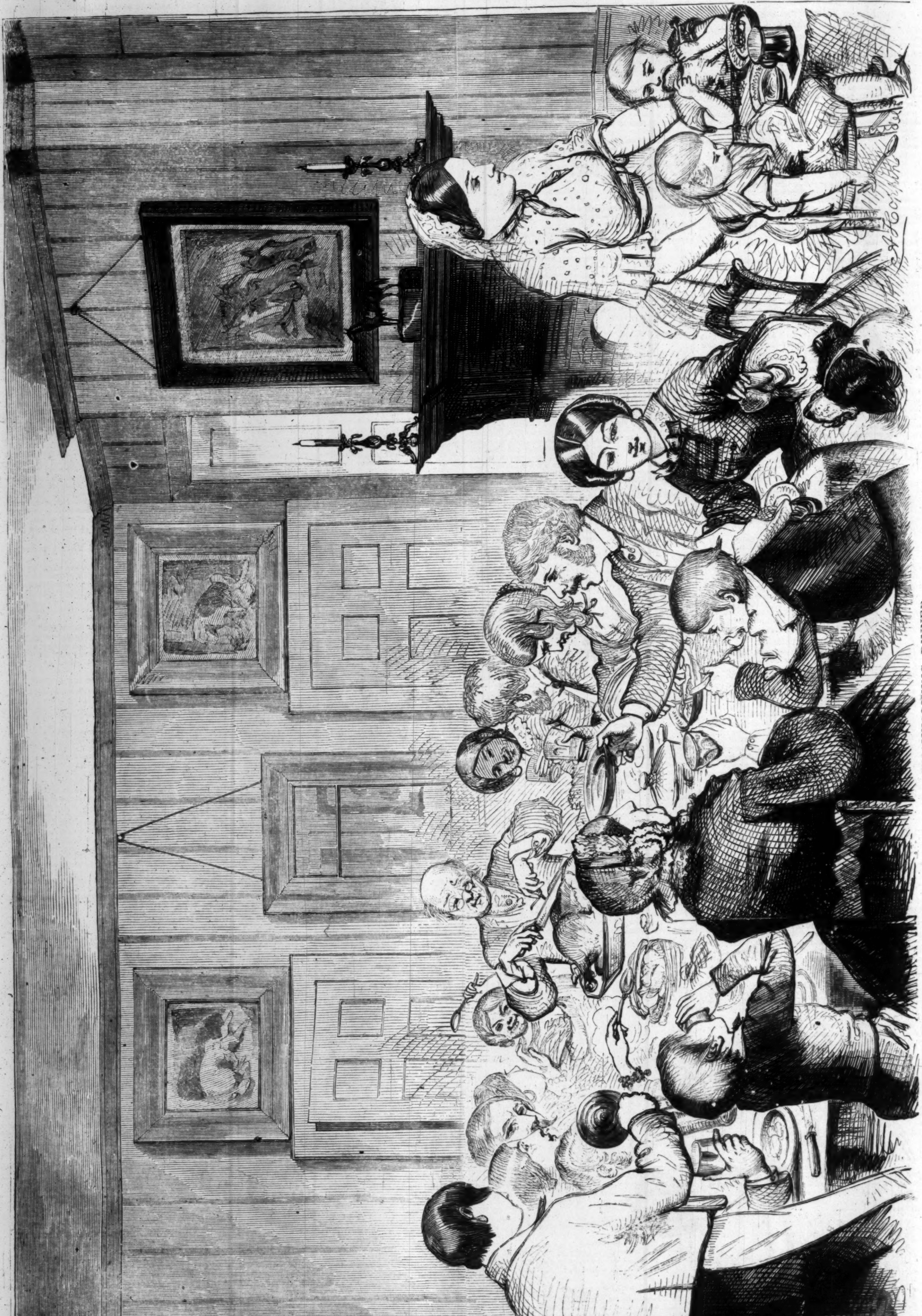
ESCAPE OF A HALF-CASTE WOMAN.

"A half-caste woman came into camp on the 19th; she had been concealed in Delhi by an Afghan since the outbreak. Her two children were killed before her face, and the third, in her arms, was shot by some ruffian. The ball passed through its body into the woman, and she was found insensible, but still living. The Mussulmans have committed more atrocities than the Hindoos. They were the principal originators of the rebellion."

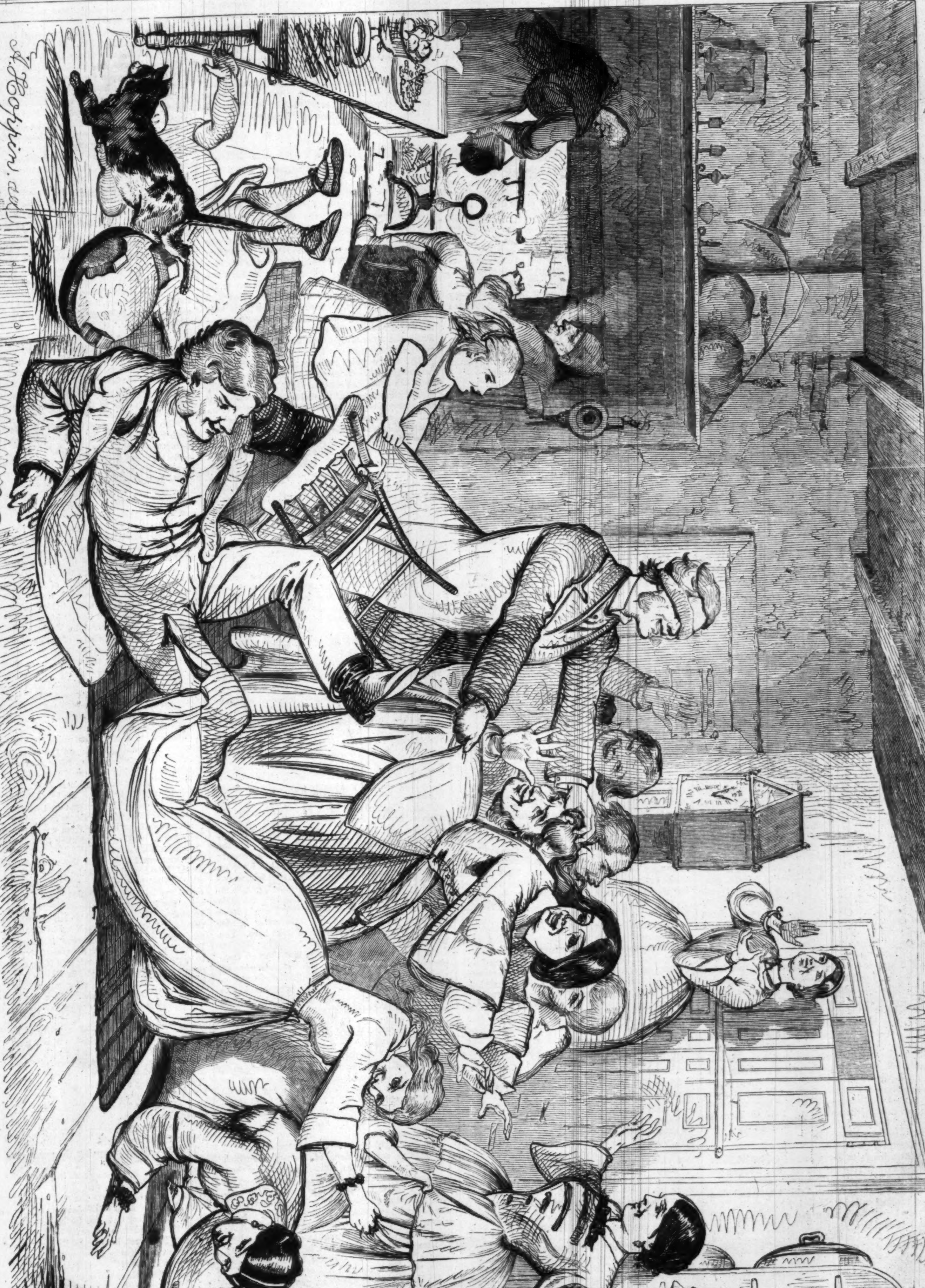
RUMORED MUTINY AMONG THE HIGHLANDERS.

The following story, which is given in a letter, must go for what it is worth:

"At Cawnpore some 160 prisoners were taken by the British, and as orders had gone up from Calcutta—Lord Canning's head-quarters—that all such should be held for trial, they were put in prison. That night the Highlanders broke open the prison, and bayoneted every one of the unfortunate Sepoys who were in custody. An inquiry was at once instituted, and two men—soldiers—were arrested as the ringleaders. These the Highlanders at once released by force, and they, in a body, then declared if the men were seized and punished, or any notice taken of the summary justice that they had administered to the followers of Nena Sahib, they would throw down their arms, and let the officers fight their own battles. Thus the British soldiers insist on being the executioners of the infamous murderers of their countrymen and countrywomen, and on that point rebel and mutiny."



THANKSGIVING DINNER.



THANKSGIVING-DAY—BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

HOW I SPENT THANKSGIVING-DAY.

WHAT a host of sunny memories that word conjures up! I lean back in my chair and close my eyes, and lo! what a troop of eager faces appear! All, all *friends*, with whom I have spent many a heartfelt Thanksgiving-day in by-gone years. From the east and the west, the north and the south, the features of innocent childhood and venerable old age—and one wears the countenance of an angel.

It is always particularly pleasant to meet our friends on a holiday; for we feel that we, too, are doing our part to render it especially distinct from ordinary occasions: but when for successive years we have met the members of our home-circle by the same old fireside, *then* indeed it is a holy day to us. We think of the greetings from loving hearts which have gone up by that hearthstone; and in recalling the scenes of the past réunions, memory gives to every little act such a significance, suggesting all kinds of beautiful thoughts. Truly the frost of time touches lightly the affections.

And now perhaps the reader would like to know how Daisy passed her last Thanksgiving-day. There have been many merry ones; but this was the merriest of them a'. Well, kind reader, you have seen the pictures on the preceding pages, and I will now relate the story.

We met that day in the old homestead among the hills of New Hampshire. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and cousins, and those who lived at a distance. How joyously their dear names echoed from lip to lip, and the walls fairly rung with the cry of "Welcome! welcome!" Then we all went to the room where sat our dear grandparents; there every child and grandchild stood side by side according to age, while some of us endeavored to hide the emotions which would arise as we thought of some who would never again join that group *here*.

By-and-by we heard a little rustling in the entry. A servant came to the door, and two or three signals (meant to be private) passed between her and her mistress; then followed the announcement, "Dinner is ready," spoken, however, in an ordinary tone of voice, as though the news was sufficiently important of itself to excite our minds to the highest degree without any unnecessary words in the delivery. And here, dear reader, let me remind you that I am not describing a *fashionable* party, only a genuine Yankee festival; and if your delicate nerves can not sustain the recital of our sayings and doings you had better turn from this paper immediately.

Imagine two large rooms opening into each other; in each a long table is set, leaving just room enough for the servants to pass behind the chairs at the head and foot, each table the exact counterpart of the other except in size. One is for the young people, the other for the old folks. One end of the table is graced by the roast turkey, having, as Cousin Ned remarks, "the same glorious look it always does at a Thanksgiving dinner;" and considering it a symbol of this festive occasion, it may well be called *glorious*. Opposite stands the chicken-pie, and on either side are other meats cooked in every way imaginable, with all kinds of vegetables, and bread and butter such as dwellers in the city never taste. What a scrambling there was round our table!—every child screaming for the same seat; viz., nearest the turkey; but, finally, we all found places, as near as we could remember as we sat the year before, and then stood in silence while Uncle Rufus asked a blessing such as the world could not purchase from us. Then for the second time there was a murmur, "Dinner is ready." What a party of young people there was! Nellie and Lizzie, Ned, Charley, Willie, Flora, and a dozen others, including my own important self—all of us cousins, consequently considered we had a perfect right to tease or entertain each other just as much as we pleased.

For some time the clatter of knives and forks shut out all other sounds; but roast turkey and plum-pudding could not last forever, and, finally, up started Cousin Ben from the other table, and gave a loud "a-he-e-m!" Instantly we all shouted, "A speech from Cousin Ben—good—good!"

"We have met here," said our orator, "to celebrate our annual festival in such a manner that it shall not soon be forgotten ["No danger of my forgetting the dinner," whispered Robert to me]; that in the distant future we may remember this day as one of the happiest we ever knew. I might say *the* happiest, did not memory whisper of many similar meetings beneath this roof, when we exchanged the same friendly greetings, and departed to our homes with a fervent prayer that we might be permitted to assemble together in like manner at the next anniversary—as we *now* hope and trust we may meet again next year. I did not mean to say but a few words, so I'll finish by giving you a toast. Is every glass full?"

"Yes, yes!" we cried.

"Then, here's to every one of us, individually and collectively; henceforth may our lives be one long Thanksgiving-day."

Cheer after cheer followed this toast; and then twenty voices called "Uncle Ike! Uncle Ike!"

"Sho! you don't mean me now?" responded that individual.

"Yes we do—*Uncle Ike!*"

"Stop!" cried Grandpa. "All in favor of Uncle Ike manifest it by saying Ay."

Instantly "Ay! ay!" resounded from every side, and he continued—

"All right—Uncle Ike has the floor."

Uncle Isaac Hill was a *Yankee*. You could tell that by his voice alone, to say nothing of his appearance. He was rather short and stout, with twinkling gray eyes, and hair as black as jet, though he was over fifty. His style of speech was *Partingtonian* in the extreme; but he was, and is, one of the best souls that ever lived, and we should have but little to do with one who did not respect him in his old age.

He now arose slowly from his chair, adjusted his specs, refilled his glass with cider, and having taken a sip therefrom, spoke as follows;

"Well, naow, who'd a thought that among so many intellectable people I'd be called on to speechify! Not but what I kin talk ef I've a mind to. The only time I was ever bashful about expressin' of my idees was when I courted your Aunt Sally; and ef I didn't pop the question in words, I did in writin', so it's all the same. I know my old schoolmarm used to say that on oration days she always put me in last. My tongue went jest like a mill-clapper when I got fairly started, and none of the boys dared to speak arter me. Well, as I meant to say, I'm hearty glad to see so many acquaintances here, and to eat a meal with folks who aint stuck up in their own deceits, but are willing to profess we country folks know a leetle about genteel life. But the truth is, those that live in the city don't know what Thanksgiving-day is; they only know there is such a thing, because the Governor tells them so every year in his declamation; but, great Festus! *they* never go to meet their brotheren and sisters as we do. They don't know haow to cook their own vittles nuther; but hev to hire cooks from furrin parts, that couldn't roast a piece of meat without fussing over it, and peppering it, till it's nothin' *but* pepper when you taste it. Your Aunt Sally could beat 'em to zero, even in makin' bread, though I say it that shouldn't say it. P'r'aps you think I don't know about these 'ere things; but I'm an old man, and I kin tell you young folks it would be fur your interest not to forget what you've larnt in the old Granite State, and you can't help proposing in your airthly lot." And Uncle Ike resumed his seat amidst the applause of us all, when suddenly some one shouted—

"You haven't given a toast, Uncle Ike!"

"A toast! why, I declare I never thought of that. Well, here it is. I drink to the success and posterity of the United States of Ameriky; long may they wave!" And with renewed laughter and applause he once more seated himself, and Grandpa pleasantly remarked,

"So far only the elders have had the floor; now I desire to hear a voice from the other table. Come, Master Edward, you're at the head; suppose you give us a toast."

"Really, Sir, I didn't expect to be called so abruptly. However, as Uncle Ike has given us the United States of America, I now give you the *United State of Matrimony*. May every one of us live to enter therein!"

You may readily imagine how we all received *that* toast—we girls blushing and giggling and protesting it was too bad for Ned to do so—the boys openly expressing their approbation. This seemed to break more effectually the ice of formality among us, and every one gave a toast just as it happened, and some good ones too. But mirth was silenced when our aged pastor proposed, "The remembrance of our absent friends." Then indeed we thought of small mounds whereon the roses and forget-me-nots were blooming—where *they* reposed whose voices once rung loudest and sweetest around our social board—and a fragment of some old poem came to my mind,

Thanksgiving-day, a joyful day
  Well kept in that household then!
When friend met friend, a welcome to give,
And joyously murmured "Thank God we yet live!"
And to every heart a solemn voice said,
"Oh ye who are living, *forget not the dead*
  Whom ye ne'er shall meet here again!"

Our absent friends! who that has had but *one*, could ever forget! Oh, ye who left us to go before into the Silent Land, did we not then remember you all with a reverent appreciation of all you were to us! What to us at that moment had been the wealth and honors of a kingdom could we but have caught a glimpse of your glorious features? But *these* were not all the absent ones. Some were in lands beyond the sea; and toward them we turned our thoughts with a thrill of joy that their home was yet upon earth, and wished they could be with us *then*.

I fear the reader will think I am digressing, so I will proceed to relate how Nelly being called upon gave as her sentiment, "May cousin Jim's whiskers never grow longer!" which of course occasioned a burst of merriment—the aforesaid unfortunate youth having, by dint of application early and late, started half a dozen hairs on his chin; but Jim paid her with interest, when, springing from his seat, he imprinted a (shall I say it?) *kiss* on her fair face, which (the kiss) on the second trial became a *blunder buss;* for Nellie twitched away her head suddenly, and the kiss alighted on Carry, a bright-eyed little miss by her side.

And just then Cousin Flora arose, with a paper in her hand, and, after requesting order, proceeded to read some lines, entitled

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

We've joyfully met here this Thanksgiving-day
To have a good frolic and drive care away.
The young and the aged have met here together,
In spite of *hard times* and uncommon cold weather;
And 'tis "How do you do?" and "I'm so glad you've come!"
"What a pity so soon we have got to go home!"
Every one merry, every one gay,
What a glorious invention is Thanksgiving-day!

How cheerful and happy does each one appear,
Each face wreathed with smiles—all bespeaking good cheer.
Come, dinner is ready—the viands are hot,
And every thing's cooked to a bubble o' the pot.
Ah! there's the roast turkey, and don't it look nice?
There's enough and to spare when we've all had a slice,
No wonder we're all wanting something to eat,
'Twould make one cry *hungry* to *see* such a treat.

Now fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast,
Here's "Long life and health to our hostess and host;
May they have all the blessings our good God can give,
May happiness greet them as long as they live!
And lastly, my friends, may *we* never be thinner
Than after we've finished our Thanksgiving dinner!"

As the last verse was finished every one rose, and the toast was drank with great enthusiasm; and then Grandma gave the signal for departure by taking Grandpa's arm and moving toward the door. Every body followed in like manner, the young folks pairing off as soberly as their elders. Many a sly jest and witty rejoinder passed between the girls and boys as they marched from the table; and if my ears did not deceive me, somebody was kissing somebody else behind the door. Ah, Ned, Ned! Oh, what games of blindman's buff we did have that evening! Too soon the hour for parting came—and with many a cordial shake of the hand, and many a loving kiss, we bid good-by all round, and were shortly on our way home; and never while life lasts shall I cease to think with heartfelt pleasure of our last Thanksgiving Dinner.

THE NEW SOUL OF JOHN MARKHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER."

FIFTEEN years had rolled away since last I stood in the market-place of the city of Hartford. I left it when the turf was green, and the thrushes were making music in the elms: the turf was green, the birds were singing now. I saw a staid man in black go by, gravely smiling to the children, and knew he was the settled clergyman, but not the one I left there. There were countrymen standing by their carts in the market; women chaffering with pennyworth purchasers in the stalls; carriages driving into the street, filled with ladies on an airing, from the watering-place near by; old men and young men, women and girls—the manner of life was even as when I left it; the forms, the faces of that once familiar life were forever gone.

Ah! fifteen years make great differences for a returning man. Wherever he may have passed them—in a home as cheerful as the one abandoned, amidst the caresses of the beloved, surrounded by pleasant prospects, fondled by prosperity—if he will go back to the old place, let him remember that a chilly pain in the heart awaits for him there, when he shall see how trees and houses and the very street-stones stay, but the living pass and are forgotten.

But when a man has spent his absence as I spent mine—for I had not been on the Continent, listening now to Rose Cherie, now to Thalberg, now to the cathedral cadences of Velino, where the floods break from his resounding lips under the ever-blue arch of the Italian sky; I had not been wafted to the Upper Cataracts, bathed in the nepenthe of that air which lulled the old world Memphis gallants—which lulls the Howadji now; I had not been living with friends who, shoulder to shoulder, worked with me hopefully in the day-time, or welcomed me at night to a glowing household hearth in a room where my children sat upon my knee, where the rosy fire-light danced with the shadows on the wall, where a woman beloved hushed down the business echoes in my heart with a rich old ballad in a soft young voice—

I do not often call up those fifteen years, for they are melancholy, maddening ghosts. But when I do, the music with which they stalk into my thought is such as this. A monotonous sound of hammers—clink, clink, clink—always in the same measure, and broken only by the fall of stone fragments; a heavy clang of iron doors mercilessly shut to in reverberating corridors, with nothing but my own breathing, my own pulse, coming afterward; for I spent *my* fifteen years in prison.

Do you ask how I came there? The story is not a long one. I was junior partner in the banking house of my elder brother near Hartford. One evening, about nine o'clock, as I was leaving the steps of my lodging, a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder, and I turned to see a sheriff's officer, with his assistant, standing close by me. On the opposite side of the street the lights shone merrily from the window of the woman I loved. I was on my way to answer their invitation, and felt, as every true man feels on such an errand, gentle toward all humanity. So I did not roughly push aside the interloper's hand, as ordinarily I would have done, but quietly moved out from under it, and said, "My man, there is some mistake here. You have taken the wrong person."

Any one who knows what it is to lose so completely, in a fearful dream, the self-possession on which he would steady himself that he can no longer say "This is only a dream," but begins to *know* that it is actual, will realize how the awful truth broke on me in an instant, as the officer answered,

"That won't do; you are John Markham, of Hartford. In the name of the Commonwealth I arrest you for forgery."

Just then, on the opposite side of the street, the curtain went down at the lighted window, and, knowing in my soul that it dropped forever between me and the one being who in her held all things for which I lived, I felt a quick cold shudder of agony run through me, and my knees smote together like a coward's. I said no more, but went with my captor.

The first night in jail! Ah, that was terrible! The clammy, echoing stones of the floor over which I paced in the darkness did not hurt me by their hardness. The foul, coarse pallet on which, at intervals, I threw myself in my bewildered weariness, did not chafe me by its coffin narrowness. I was beyond hurt from such things; for in the five minutes between my lodgings and my cell I had become aware that I was brought to a position whose sublime awfulness could not be equaled by any thing else on earth. Quicker by far than I can write, yet in this channel had my thoughts run.

My brother, three days ago, gave me in private a heavy draft to be collected at another banking house, drawn in his favor by one of his correspondents and indorsed by another. I remember that he looked restless when he gave it to me; that he hurried from the room immediately afterward. I presented the draft; I received the money; it was put into his hands; the books, which I keep, bear no account of it. He forged the paper. I am the suspected one. I have no means of proving my innocence, unless, perhaps, by proving his guilt. That, most like, is impossible. At any rate, what a terrible step for a man to take against his dead mother's only other child! And he has a lovely wife whom it would slay. Yet I myself have—oh God! shut out her image from me!—I must not see it; I shall go mad!

In this groove my thoughts rolled back and forward through the night. Facing this alternative I stood till the day of my trial—just one month. My brother came often to see me; he lavished tears and embraces upon me; he retained for me the best of counsel—yet he always seemed like one in the delirium of a fever, and ever, just as the turnkey swung back the heavy door to let him out, he would stop for a moment, trembling, and with his lips half opened, as if about to say something more to me—then, without meeting my eye, he would rush from the cell. Suffering as I was—suffering still more, as I was about to be, from the consequences of his sin—I could pity him deeply. I could forbear with the cowardice which could not confess; for I knew how priceless liberty must be to a man who, losing it, leaves his other soul in that most heart-broken of all widowhood—the widowhood of a convict's wife.

She whom I loved visited me many times—always bringing me sweet messages in her presence from the birds, and the flowers, and the free sky outside—always talking with a voice intensely sustained into cheerfulness of my acquittal, and restoration to our old hopes. I told her I was innocent, and she believed me. I could not tell her who was guilty.

My trial came on. I need not pain myself with long recital of the thronged court, the weary questionings and cross-questionings, the audible silence of the crowd when the pleas were made, the moment whose shadow fell upon me when the foreman solemnly said "guilty"—that other moment when I was condemned to the awful alienage of prison for the fifteen years to come.

Then I parted from home and friends. My brother did not bid me good-by; he lay sick of a raging fever, on whose chances hung life. But she—the holy, the heroic—had borne all things, and came to see me go. She clasped my manacled hands in her own, she pressed one long, last kiss upon the convict's lips, and said, with a solemn cheerfulness, "I will wait for you!" Then, with a superstition which, frivolous though it seem, still crept into the awfulness of that hour, I stopped my watch, and vowed inwardly that its hands should never more move till we met again.

After that the gates of my prison opened to let in but one message from the life outside. The chaplain brought me a lock of well-known soft brown hair, and told me, with a tear in his eye, that an old man had given it to him for me, saying, "My daughter is with God. She died whispering that she would wait for John Markham."

I endured the knowledge of her death with a benumbed patience, uncomplaining, rarely weeping a single drop. I went through the unvarying round of day-labor in the prison-yard with a steady, mechanical industry which surprised my task-masters—for heretofore I had been taunted as "the weak gentleman," "white fingers," and whatever other epithet of insult the hardened bullies of discipline are accustomed, at discretion and without fear of resentment, to confer upon the wretched in their grasp. At evening I held up the tress into that faint twilight which just filtered through my grates, and, kissing it, seemed to see her by me—for I could never think of her as dead. That realization was kindly spared me by the fact that no new void can be felt, no new unnaturalness, in the eternal void and unnaturalness of a prison.

But one night, coming from work, I found the tress gone. Asking the turnkey for it, I was told, "Prisoners are allowed no useless articles." From that moment I knew that she whom I loved was dead. Like a wild freshet the agony of that knowledge gushed in upon me. With it came the memory of my burning wrongs—the scorn of man spent upon my innocent head—the perfidy of my only brother—the irredeemable hopelessness of all things. And I shut myself up in a sullen, silent madness. A most dangerous madness it was. From the time that I lost the tress five years were to elapse before I went out, and if in that time a revolt had sprung up in prison I had died fighting in its front, for I was ripe for any crime. As it was I only bode my time. Once out, I should wreak condignest vengeance on society—on law—on my own brother.

The five years passed—five years of dust and clinking in the yard—of darkness, muttering, low, smothered heart-burning in the cell. At last, one morning, the warden threw open my door, and I passed out with the slow lock-step which I had been practicing nearly the quarter of a lifetime. I was going to chapel with the rest—to hear of the Prodigal Son and the Magdalen—they the guilty, but the welcomed—I the innocent, yet the thrust out. But the officer stopped me with these three words: "You are free!"

I did not cheer, nor wring the man's hand, nor even smile. One grows used to forget these ways of the world after fifteen years in prison.

But the revenge which, little by little, had stretched its fibrous roots through the soil of my heart till every drop of life-juice went to nourish the plant, now began to put forth its blossoms, and I felt them bud into an ecstatic, poisonous fragrance. My sweet, long-hoped-for hour had come! In a few moments more the despised convict should burst from his motley chrysalis, and be rushing like a winged Nemesis to settle accounts with a world which had the start of him by fifteen years.

I went to the prison wardrobe and got back that dress which, in the days long gone, I had put off with the rest of my humanity. They were clean and fastidiously gentleman-like as when I left them. I seemed for a moment, at their sight, to be waking from the terrible eternity of a bad dream—to be finding them folded by my bedside, where they had lain only since the last night.

I had come in with the majesty of the law—a guard on either side. I went out alone—no danger was apprehended of my escaping from that other prison—the world. Leaving the high gray walls behind me I struck into the road for Hartford. Had I come out five years before I might have

been inexpressibly softened by the long unwonted music of the birds that, from trees and orchard-walls, made the air full of their joy. Now I had lived past the time when such things could touch me, and walked still in the lock-step, looking neither about nor forward, but ever moodily on the ground. And thus, late in the afternoon, I came whither the commencement of my recital finds me, and stood in the market-place of the town which I had last seen fade out behind me as I went away in scorn.

No wonder that by all the passers I was stared at as an oddity—something to be suspected and shrunk from; for my grizzled hair was of the prison cut, my clothing had gone out of fashion when the fathers in the street were children, and, not from fear but long use, I looked no man in the face. And here and there, in knots, the people whispered about me—sometimes with an evident carelessness as to how loud. But I only nursed a deeper and more quiet wrath.

There came along that way a throng of children just from school. Stepping up to one of them I asked, "Does George Markham still live in this place?" The little girl turned up a sunny spring morning face and answered, "I am his daughter, Sir—do you want to see him?"

A hellish thought suggested itself to me. I said, "Yes, you may show me the way to his house." I knew we should take a cross path over the fields and past a long reach of lonely woods. In the most solitary part of that path I might wreak upon the guilty head of George Markham the most terrible vengeance which could wipe out his bitter wrong to me. I would kill his child and bring her home to him, confessing that I did it, and glorying in the end of that horrid game of quits on whose first throw he had staked my heaven and lost it.

The little maiden took my hand, confidingly. That might unnerve me; so I loosed it and told her to go before while I followed. She tossed back her curls and went bounding ahead at a rate my strides were hardly equal to. Still I kept my eye on her. After a while we came into a low brook-course between two hills, over the foremost one of which I could just see the chimneys of my brother's house. I looked about me—no one was in sight—rescue was impossible. The Devil whispered, "Now!" Then I called to the child to stop, saying that I must look for something I had dropped. She obeyed, and stood amusing herself with making wreaths of the violets which grew by the water-course, while I stooped to find a heavy stone which might do my bidding of vengeance surely and silently. All around me in the bed of the brook were nothing but pebbles. I walked a few steps farther down in my quest, and went out of sight around a clump of alders. The little girl must have thought me leaving her, for, all at once, I heard her call, gently, "I am waiting for you!"

Gracious God! Who spoke? Do the loved that are forever lost cry to us out of paradise? "I am waiting for you!"—the very message that, five years ago, floated down through my prison-bars from her whom the Father had just numbered with his saints.

I stood up and wandered back, more dreaming than awake, to the spot where George Markham's daughter still staid plaiting violets. She turned to me with a smile, and said, "I did not mean to hurry you, Sir, but my father is very, very unwell, and I ought to be at home. Will you please tell me how late it is?"

For the first time after those fifteen prison years, in which knowing toil and darkness only, I had asked no other measurement of time, I mechanically put my hand to my breast and drew out my restored watch. Was I sane? The second hand, stopped at the last kiss of agony given me by my beloved, whether by miracle, or the agitation of my grasp, I know not, suddenly moved on. Like a lightning flash rushed on me the memory of my vow—"Till we meet this watch shall never count time again."

Yes, we had met—met in that voice of quiet waiting—met in this wondrous omen of the watch—met when I knew it not—when *she* was seen by none but God and her sister angels. And the wrathful embers went out in the breast of John Markham, and, viewlessly hovering over him, the long cherished dead smiled blissfully as she saw that in that moment there had entered into him a new soul.

I clasped the little one in my arms. I told her that her father was my only brother, and then waited humbly to see her recoil from the loathsome convict. But with childlike joy she hugged me closer around the neck, and cried, "Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad! Poor papa has been talking about you these four days, and saying—but oh, he must not die!—'I can not die till John comes home!'"

With a reverent step, and bowing low, I came into the room of my dying brother. His pale face flushed and paled again as he saw me, and then hiding it in the pillow, he cried, "Look not on me. God is wreaking his wrath on the devil who wasted your life!"

"Not so, my brother," I answered, solemnly; "I from my soul forgive you. How much more shall He who pitieth his children? For me, He hath this day wiped out the past like a tablet; and looking up to Him as both of us condemned in His sight, let us join hearts, making no difference. My brother!"

I held him on my breast through the waxing and the waning of that strange night—my first night of liberty—my first night with the new soul. And he sorrowed with the sorrowing that needeth no repentance. With a kiss which brought back the days of our childhood, at dawn his spirit parted from me. Then, beside the little girl who had fallen asleep from weariness, I laid him who slept a calmer sleep—the sleep of forgiveness and peace.

The gentle child and I followed him to the grave. With her I mourned for him in my new soul.

The day came for the reading of the will. Relatives, friends, neighbors, were all collected in the parlor, where my dead brother used to sit pining remorsefully through the long evenings with his motherless child. Yet they all sat apart from the returned convict, looking at me with an evil eye. But I bore it meekly, with little Rose, in her mourning dress, nestled against my breast, as if I were the last thing she had on earth to cling to.

The lawyer opened the will, and began:

"In the name of God. Amen. I, George Markham, banker, of Hartford, being of feeble body, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby constitute this my last will and testament.

"I bequeath my soul to the infinite mercy of God, if it be possible. I bequeath my name to the oblivion of all true men who shall know the truth. That truth I bequeath to my brother, John Markham, not of bounty, but of immeasurable indebtedness, in my confession that I alone, and unaided, am the author of that damnable sin which brought the shadow of a prison, the loss of all things on his innocent head. And, finally, I give and devise to John Markham all my estate, both real and personal, to have and to hold, to him, his heirs, and assigns, forever, confident that he will so far have mercy on my guilt as to be in all things a father to my only child."

Then, like the friends of Job, my acquaintance came back to me, beholding how I was prospered. Again I stood an upright man in the face of earth as well as heaven, and none uttered an ill whisper of me.

Now I live alone with Rose, who has filled the place of the daughter I might have had but for the fifteen years. She is my child, my companion, my comforter, my pupil. And never on earth will *I* bring any other love between us; for at night, when I look up into the stars, I hear a low voice saying,

"I am waiting for John Markham!"

THE MONKEY-KING.

AT Macao, a few years ago, lived Polydore Marasquin, son and heir of Juan Perez Marasquin, proprietor of one of the most famous menageries in the world, and celebrated for his skill in taxidermy. Unfortunately Juan was killed one day while endeavoring to take a young tiger alive. On his death-bed he made his son swear that he would relinquish his dangerous profession. Polydore took the oath and committed perjury. Far from abandoning his menagerie he embellished and added to it until it became one of the wonders of the Eastern world. He lighted it with gas—until then unheard of in Macao. He gilded and burnished the cages until they shone like gold, and filled them with the rarest specimens of wild animals to be found in the two hemispheres. But his chief specialty was in monkeys; of which he had innumerable hosts of every race and species.

It is as well to mention here the notable change of character which came over Polydore after his father's death. From being the friend, companion, confidant, and student of his animals, he became their tyrant: his former government of kindness, patience, sympathy, and comprehension, he exchanged for one of mere brute force—of whips and scourges—seeing in them all accomplices of the tiger who had so murderously objected to being taken alive. In consequence of this change, instead of being able to enter the cages as formerly, without weapon and without fear, he dared not trust himself within paw's reach of one: so that he and his beasts lived in a state of enmity and warfare which boded no good to either side.

The English Vice-Admiral, Campbell, landed at Macao. He went to Marasquin for pets wherewith to beguile his voyage when Malay pirates were scarce. Now among his monkeys Polydore had four of especial mark. Two were male baboons, named Karabouffi First and Second; tall, powerful, and intelligent as men, but horribly wicked and cruel: the other two were Chimpanzees, male and female, called Mococo and Saïmira; mild, melancholy, intelligent, and beautiful, deeply enamored of each other, perfectly well-bred, and holding the poet's place in the world of apes. Mococo was Marasquin's "groom." He waited at table, changed the plates, poured out the wine, and, when invited, ate at the same table, with unfailing grace and distinction. The master's love for the two little Chimpanzees filled the rest of the menagerie—the objects of his severity—with rage and jealousy.

Now Karabouffi the First was in love with Saïmira.

The Vice-Admiral made some purchases, and the ship's crew followed his example. Each man bought a male and female monkey, in exact imitation of the commander. He himself took Karabouffi the First. Mrs. Campbell insisted on buying Mococo and Saïmira; and, after a few struggles of the heart, the keeper of the menagerie—"merchant before all else"—sold her his pretty favorites—beseeching the purchaser, however, to keep them out of the way of Karabouffi the First. The little lovers wept like children at parting with their friend; they clung to him and embraced him piteously; but, finally, the embarkation of the monkey host was effected; and Macao confessed to having never witnessed such a day. The rage of Karabouffi the Second, at being thus deprived of his companions, knew no bounds. He yelled, and howled, and tore about his cage like a demon; and, from that hour, conceived the most deadly hatred against Marasquin. But a hatred that showed itself rather by extreme sullenness and a black kind of dumb revenge than by any overt act of violence.

A year after this sale Marasquin was awakened one night by the suffocating smell of fire. He started up to find the whole place in a flame. His mother could not be rescued, his menagerie blazing, his superb birds fluttering and screaming, his magnificent tigers howling and writhing. In the midst of all grinned, chattered, leaped, and danced the demon, Karabouffi, with a lighted torch in each hand. He had stolen matches from the pocket of the gas-lighter, and, in imitation of him, had turned on the gas, lighted it, and set fire to the place. Some one shot him as he capered through the flames; but Marasquin was none the less ruined, and his mother was none the less burned to death.

To recruit his fortunes, and restock his menagerie, Marasquin set out for New Holland, chartering a Chinese junk for the voyage. But his crew of Chinamen and Lascars quarreled; a storm came on, the men got drunk, and the unhappy junk foundered in mid seas. After battling with the waves for a miraculous length of time Marasquin, half dead, was cast upon a small island—the only man saved of the whole ship's company. Recovering from his swoon he found himself lying on the shore alone—not a human being near him—not a human habitation in sight. Gathering his scattered senses together he walked slowly forward into the interior of the island, when suddenly he saw a human form at an immense distance—he made for it—the man, or savage, fled—he pursued—the savage darted like lightning in and out among the trees until, at last, Marasquin found himself at the spot where he first beheld him. But the savage had disappeared. While looking about for him, and searching for his trail, something large, supple, and hairy, dropped from the tree at his feet. It was an ape; who, putting himself before him, seemed to forbid his further advance. Not liking this, Marasquin broke off a bough, with which he advanced, threateningly. The brute chattered and grinned, then uttered a peculiar cry. In the twinkling of an eye, from all points of the compass, trooped a crowd of monkeys, darkening the horizon like a cloud, and forming a phalanx round Marasquin impenetrable and invincible. Dead with heat and thirst he tried to retreat, but the monkeys pressed thicker and closer upon him, so that he could not stir. On every bough, on every inch of ground—hanging, trailing, walking, leaping—in every attitude of motion, of every size, shade, and species, they surrounded him, ready to tear him to pieces on the smallest pretext. At last one—a baboon—advancing from the company, came closer yet to Marasquin. Picking up the stick which he had let fall, he, gravely, before them all, gave the unhappy ex-keeper such a flogging that he would soon have departed this life had it been prolonged. But a thought struck him. His bright red cravat—bought at a costly price a short time ago—that would do. He tore it off his neck and flung it in the midst of his persecutors. The stratagem succeeded. What monkey ever resisted finery and red? While the entire mass were occupied in fighting for the cravat he ran off, often looking back and finding, to his joy, that no monkeys followed him. At last he reached a beautiful little lake, to which he rushed, half frantic with thirst and delight; he knelt down on the brink, and drank such draughts as the gods never received from Hebe. On raising his head he found the whole lake lined with apes, all drinking and all kneeling like himself. They had followed him, silently, upon the trees, swinging from branch to branch like squirrels, and noiseless as birds. Alarming as his adventure was becoming he could not help laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of their imitation. Immediately all the monkeys laughed aloud, too, and Marasquin was almost deafened. Some fruit grew tempting, but too high for him to reach. He flung a stone to bring some down, and every monkey flung a stone. In a moment the ground was strewn with luscious fruit and broken boughs; all the monkeys eating exactly as Marasquin ate—tearing off the rind, rejecting the seeds, choosing, selecting, like so many distorted images of himself.

Night drew on. Hoping to profit by this spirit of imitation, Marasquin made himself a bed of leaves; and all the monkeys made themselves beds of leaves. He then laid down, stretched his arms and yawned; and, turning round, pretended to sleep. But the monkeys were not to be caught. They stretched their arms and yawned; yet, not an ape among them closed his eyes; on the contrary, they gathered closer and watched him with redoubled vigilance. In about a quarter of an hour two great orang-outangs—each of which could have conquered ten unarmed men—came on each side of him. They examined him all over, smelt him, looked in his hair after the manner of monkeys, poked his eyes, pulled off his shoes, which they tried to fit on to their hands; then pulled off his stockings, whereby they got to his feet. They were charmed! They played with his toes, doubled them, undoubled them, grinning and chattering with delight to find the monster as well made as themselves; they got hold of his arms and used them in Dutch-doll fashion. Finally they proceeded to strip him. Marasquin knew that this would be the signal for death. He glided his hands into his waistcoat pockets and seized his pistols. Another moment and his tormentors would have been shot; but he would have stood revealed and torn to pieces, when suddenly a long sharp whistle was heard, and cric! cric! not an ape was to be seen!

A night of awful fear passed. Day, at last, broke. Marasquin followed the lake and came to its outlet, where he found the shore strewn with half-opened oysters. The monkeys had opened them by watching when the oyster gaped, then flinging a small pebble between the shells. Polydore profited by the invention, ate five or six dozen, sank down on the strand, and slept for twenty-four hours. He dreamed. He dreamed of being still surrounded and persecuted by these detestable apes. He seized his pistols and fired. The noise awoke him, and he found himself, in truth, again surrounded, his discharged pistol in his hand, and a dead monkey at his feet. Another was wounded. The monkeys—all of whom were of a gentle, playful, and innocuous kind—after great lamentations, retired, carrying their wounded comrade mournfully in the midst. Whereupon Marasquin had a fit of conscience, and reproached himself with murder. But he had got rid of his companions. Left alone he wandered again into the island, hoping at last to find some traces of humanity. He went on, meeting nothing, until he came upon a colossal skeleton swinging in the wind; the skeleton of a malefactor who had been hanged, and left there as a warning. Surely here was man and man's work! No; it was still a monkey world. The skeleton was that of a huge mandrill; one of the largest species of ape.

At last, however, still wandering forward, Polydore saw smoke and fire. Here, of course, was man. Overjoyed and grateful he walked toward it, when, arrested by a most singular noise, he concealed himself behind a tree, and beheld an assemblage of apes, dressed in the shreds and rags of the English naval uniform. In the midst was a huge baboon with an admiral's cocked hat on his head. It was Karabouffi the First, passing judgment, in the midst of the court, on some misdemeanants. Farther off was a row of houses, which had been evidently pillaged and destroyed. A light touch on his arm recalled Marasquin from his wondering reverie. He turned; and Saïmira, making a sign of silence, led him gently away. Stooping her head to show him where he was also to stoop his, she led him in safety from that frightful assembly, until they came to some cages. Strongly secured in one was the unfortunate Mococo. Saïmira asked plaintively to have that cage opened, and Marasquin comprehended and obeyed. The bolt was shot back, and Mococo was free. The lovers embraced; but, even in the midst of his joy, Mococo rushed to Marasquin, and hung about him like a child; caressing and embracing him with eager affection. Their tenderness was at its height when Saïmira heard a noise. She hastily thrust Mococo back into his cage, and motioned Polydore to secure it as before. She then signed to him to follow her, and led him to a grotto; where, by looks and gestures as eloquent as words, she assured him he was safe. But, notwithstanding Saïmira's attentions, and notwithstanding his terror of the apes he had escaped, the tedium of his situation gained upon Polydore. After a week's confinement he ventured forth, directing his steps to the fire and smoke, which again he sees at a distance. He gains it; and finds it to be the crater of a volcano, round which innumerable apes are standing in perfect silence, throwing in leaves, sticks, branches, trees—all they can find wherewith to feed it. In a moment their silence is exchanged for a simultaneous cry; and once more Marasquin is in their hands. As they seize him, push, hustle, and ill-treat him, he is enabled to perceive that the buttons on the uniform, in shreds and rags of which they are all fantastically dressed, bear the impress of the *Halcyon*—Vice-Admiral Campbell's vessel.

Karabouffi appears, accompanied by his ministers, two kindred orang-outangs; and the punishment of his old enemy is ordered. He is seized by a chain of monkeys and swung madly over the crater; higher, higher, faster, faster, the fierce flames leaping up, the fierce forms round him growing darker and more frantic; higher, faster, madder, until at last, when the swing is at the wildest, he is flung from the chain, and falls bleeding and bruised on the ground. He is not suffered to swoon at leisure, but is dragged up and forced into one of the houses he has seen before. The most pitiable scene of devastation meets him. Windows broken, furniture smashed, torn, and heaped in disorder about the rooms, fragments of ladies' dresses, rags of British uniform, books, all one mass of ruin and confusion, as if the place had been delivered into the hands of madmen. As indeed it had been; "the eternal madmen of the universe," as Marasquin calls his captors. He is thrust into a room, where Karabouffi appears covered with feathers, like some monstrous ogreish bird. On a nearer examination, Polydore discovers that the feathers are quill pens, which, in exaggerated imitation of clerks and secretaries, he has stuck about him wherever a quill would stick. At a sign and a sound the former keeper is buffeted into a smaller room, where two monkeys are already at work, busily scrawling over sheets of paper, which then are caught by two older monkeys, signed, sealed, and thrown away. Marasquin is ordered to do the like, and for thrice twenty-four hours is kept unremittingly at his labors, as secretary to his Majesty, Karabouffi the First.

It was hard work. If at any moment the poor human creature was failing from want of sleep and weariness, the attendant apes pinched and scratched him, and pulled his hair, and drummed on his back, and would have gone to still worse extremities had he not roused himself, and resumed his labors. On the fourth day a bell rang, and all the world rushed out, Marasquin with them; expecting surely to find a human hand this time near his. No! An ape had pulled the dinner-bell, and apes assembled to dine at the sound. Marasquin followed the stream, and found Karabouffi and his ministers at table. They suffered him to eat with them, but he relished neither their food nor their companionship, and profiting by their preoccupation, he rambled through the apartments.

He came upon the kitchens; half dead with hunger as he was, the discovery made him forget his miseries. But the court of the Monkey-king had been before him, and the larder was empty. He found, though, some closets, locked and secured; he opened them, and fell into the midst of a world of edible wealth. A very mine of potted meats, essences, jams, preserves, wines, and, though not edible, yet valuable, wax candles. He flung himself upon the viands, and devoured the meal of a dozen men in a trice. But, not to be greedy, he presented his majesty with a colossal pot of quince marmalade; and Karabouffi the First plunged himself up to his shoulders therein. By an inadvertence the closet was forced open, and the monkey-world began the pillage. Marasquin had broken the neck off a bottle of wine, and drank the contents; and all the apes broke the necks off all the bottles of wine they could find, and drank the contents too. Here was a scene! The monkey-world verging into a state of universal drunkenness! Night was coming on; it was growing dark; Polydore was becoming mad with horror, when he remembered the wax candles. He lighted one; and the apes, seizing the whole store, lighted every one in imita-

tion. After nearly setting fire to the house, they seemed to remember a past scene, and sticking them in the chandeliers, lighted the saloon for a ball. So they had a ball, and Polydore had to play for them. One ape thrummed the piano, another the accordion; Polydore, after having been beaten about the head, was forced to attempt the guitar.

Worse than this. When the amusements of the evening grew rather slack, the unhappy man was ordered to enliven the monkey-guests by gymnastics; much of the same description of exercises as men force from monkeys. In vain he refused; he was beaten till he was black and blue. In vain he was unsuccessful, and fell instead of climbing to the top of la parche; he was beaten again. He had a taste now of captivity, indeed, and knew better than he had ever done before, what monkeys feel when they fall into the hands of men.

Karabouffi had mysteriously quitted the ball some time ago. He now returned, bearing on his arm Saïmira, weeping, plaintive, and disconsolate. It was plain that the King had divorced the lovers, and forced poor Saïmira to himself. That was the reason, then, why the unhappy Mococo was confined—that the monarch might both feed his revenge, and hold the threat of his hostage over Saïmira, should she be recalcitrant and disobliging. The little chimpanzee could only look her tender, plaintive sympathy with her former master, undergoing these indignities. At last a thought seemed to strike her. She became gay, lively, coquettish; roused the jealousy of Karabouffi; flirted openly before his eyes; until the King, in a passion, dragged her rudely from the ball-room; and the whole court fled in his train. This was Saïmira's mode of delivering Marasquin.

To barricade himself in the veranda, as this portion of the house was called, was not a work of time. In ten minutes Polydore was safe from all attacks from the monkey-world outside. He had food and lights here; what more did he require? He laid himself down and slept as tranquilly as if he had been in his apartment at Macao. The next day he ascended a small spiral stair-case, which led to Admiral Campbell's private study. Looking out through the lattice-work, he saw the whole army of apes drawn up about his castle, strongly armed with sticks and bludgeons, silently, and patiently, and watchfully besieging him. But he knew that he was safe, and despised them. Searching about, he found Lord Campbell's journal, where, among other things too long to mention here, he learned the mystery of the skeleton. It was that of a mandrill, the former monkey-king of the island, who, disputing the admiral's possession, had been first shot, then hung, as a terror to all recusants and rebels. The journal mentioned where the rifle was placed, and Marasquin thus saw himself in possession of a formidable weapon of offense. On the strength of the good news he went to dine. But a new difficulty had arisen—there was no water to be had; and Polydore was beginning to suffer from the strong and fiery wine of the British sailor. This difficulty, though not immediately pressing, was not wholly despicable. Peeping again through the lattice-work, Polydore beheld the besieging army still at their posts, but with an increase of weapons. Before each ape lay a heap of stones.

Days passed. Polydore portioned out his provisions, and found that he could live for three years, at the least, on the admiral's stores. But for water? Not a drop! Champagne and fiery wines in abundance, but of pure water—not a drop. This wine-drinking made the temperate keeper ill and mad. After about a month of it, in a fit of frenzy, he rushed to the arm-chest, seized thirty rifles, loaded them all, broke out two loop-holes in the wall, and prepared to deal death on all who opposed him in the search for water. But what a sight met his eyes! He had last looked on two or three thousand apes; now there were twenty thousand, at least, and their stone-heaps had risen into mountains, piled up higher than the bell-tower. Maddened and in desperation, Polydore fired, and the battle began. Each rifle was loaded with six balls, and each shot slew multitudes; but multitudes appeared to take the places of those who fell; while, like hail, came thundering down showers of huge stones, battering walls and roofs, and threatening to end the siege in quicker time than was agreeable to the besieged. However, night came on, and a truce came with it.

Marasquin was in a state of habilimentary destitution. His clothes had left him, even to the last shred, and he was dying of cold. Turning over the few chests yet unrifled in the apartment, he came upon the magnificent skin of Campbell's slaughtered mandrill. The very thing for the poor naked, shivering combatant. He thrust his arms into the mandrill's arms, his legs into the mandrill's legs, he pulled the hairy scalp over his forehead, then sewed himself up with twine—an ape complete.

When day dawned he ascended to his post; but a few minutes' bombardment set the question of the siege at rest—the walls were falling about his ears. Resolved to die like a man, he seized a Malay kreese in one hand and a revolver in the other, then leaped from the veranda into the midst of his enemies. But what a miracle! The army, instead of falling on him and tearing him to pieces, slunk back in reverent dismay. It was a panic—a superstitious awe. After a moment Karabouffi, crawling on all-fours, and full of the most terrible fear, writhed and crept up to him at the head of the prostrate forces. He licked his hands and feet, and all the army licked his hands and feet. He abased himself in a kind of mute adoration mingled with abject terror, and the army abased itself in like manner. Polydore saw it all. He was their Fetich, their Avatur, their King Arthur Redivivus—their resuscitated Mandrill Monarch! What could be done, but accept the *rôle* which chance and superstition had thrust upon him? Karabouffi resigned, and Polydore reigned in his stead. His first act of regal power was to reunite Saïmira and Mococo, in spite of the ex-monarch's jealousy and despair; and, his first of prudence, was to escape from his body-guards, one heavy night full of electricity, when every monkey slept as if dead, and to bury the bones of his defunct self.

Time passed on, and monarch and subjects were mutually well-pleased and on eminently fraternal terms, when, one day, as Polydore was enforcing some useful lessons on his court, crack! went the mantle of royalty behind, and with it his chances of monkey deification. After an agonizing day the rent was repaired at night—but not very stoutly or enduringly. A disturbed dream completed the catastrophe, and behold Polydore Marasquin with his monkey-skin in two! His reign was over; his life would also soon be over, for there was no possibility of sewing himself up again; and Polydore, without his skin, was a demon and no demigod to the monkey world. What should he do? What could he do, indeed, but fortify himself once more within the veranda, while his subjects assembled in troops and howled forth their fond dismay at his disappearance?

At last, out of guiding love, they began their bombardment as of old, and Polydore felt that his hours were numbered. The walls were cracking; the roof was falling; death, in the shape of twenty thousand furious apes, pressed close upon him—when boom! boom! boom! three cannon-shots. After waiting and watching, peering curiously this way and that, Karabouffi gave his signal—the same long, shrill, strange whistle which Polydore had heard before; and swift as a flash of lightning, the whole monkey world vanished. Not a trace was to be seen—not the tip of a tail nor the point of an ear—where, two minutes before, had swarmed an army of twenty thousand howling, fighting, desperate, and king-deserted apes. The cannon announced the return of Admiral Campbell from a cruise after the Malay pirates, and Polydore Marasquin was saved. Returning to Macao, he married, became rich, was independent, and happy; but often he was heard to sigh to himself, and whisper softly: "Ah! when I was an ape!" He wrote his "emotions," and made Léon Gozlan his editor.

M. Léon Gozlan, in a word, is an excellent French writer, who has written an excellent and odd book. It has been published at Paris by M. Michel Lévy, under the title of *Les Emotions de Polydore Marasquin;* and the perusal of these emotions of Polydore Marasquin has led to the present account of the Monkey-king.

THE "LEVIATHAN."

THIS immense vessel is the property of a joint-stock company, chartered in England under the title of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, and having a capital of $6,000,000, in $100 shares, with privilege to increase the amount to $10,000,000.

The hull of the vessel is built entirely of iron, and is 680 feet in length, 83 feet in breadth, and 60 feet in depth from keel to deck. It is divided transversely into ten separate compartments of 60 feet each, rendered perfectly water-tight by bulk-heads, having no openings whatever below the second deck. Also two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of the length of the ship.

In the construction of the hull 10,000 tons of iron plates, or about 30,000 plates, have been riveted together with 3,000,000 rivets. At the bottom the plates are an inch thick; in all other plates but three quarters of an inch.

Up to the water-mark the hull is constructed with an inner and an outer skin—that is to say, it is *double;* the two hulls being ten feet ten inches apart; each being of equal firmness and solidity. Through this space, at intervals of six feet, run horizontal webs of iron plates (at right angles with the ribs), which materially increase the power of resistance of the two hulls.

Besides the principal bulk-heads or water-tight compartments above-mentioned, there is in each compartment a second intermediate bulk-head, forming a coal-bunker. These also can be closed in an emergency. There are no openings through the bulk-heads beneath the water-line of the vessel except two continuous tunnels through which the steam-pipes pass; and these even can be hermetically closed in a very short time by apparatus affixed.

The vessel will have ten boilers and five funnels. Each boiler works separately from its neighbor, and can be entirely disconnected from the rest. Each boiler has ten furnaces, making in all 100 furnaces. Anthracite coal will be used as fuel. The funnels are 100 feet in height, measuring from the boiler floor. She is to be put in motion by steam and sails. For the last she has seven masts, two of which will carry square sails, the balance only fore-and-aft sails. She will spread no less than 6500 square yards of canvas. Her paddle-wheels will be propelled by four engines, the cylinder of each of which weighs 28 tons, or 62,720 pounds. The engines are of 1000-horse power; and act separately, so that the paddle-wheels may be used independently of each other, as circumstances may render necessary. The diameter of the paddle-wheels will be 56 feet. The engines working the screw-propeller are of 1600-horse power. The screw is 24 feet in diameter, and is the largest ever made. The shaft is 160 feet in length, and weighs 60 tons.

Her speed is estimated at an average for all weathers of fifteen nautical miles per hour.

Here is a summary of her dimensions, contents, and capacity, which will enable the reader, at a glance, to gather the most important facts about this gigantic vessel.

Length (rather more than the eighth of a mile)	680 feet.
Breadth	83 "
Depth from deck to keel	60 "
Length of principal saloons	400 "
Number of decks	4
Tonnage	22,500 tons.
To carry coals and cargo	18,000 "
Nominal power of paddle engines	1,000 horses.
" " screw "	1,600 "
Number of cylinders of paddle engines	4
Diameter of cylinders	74 inches.
Length of stroke	14 ft. 6 inch
Draft of water (laden)	30 feet.
" " (light)	20 "
To carry 800 1st class, 2,000 2d ", 1,200 3d " — Total	4,000 passengers.
" troops, without other passengers	10,000
Weight of iron used in construction, about	7,000 tons.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

The object of Civilization being always to settle people one way or the other, the Mayor of Gatesboro' entertains a statesmanlike ambition to settle Gentleman Waife: no doubt a wise conception, and in accordance with the genius of the Nation.—Every Session of Parliament, England is employed in settling folks, whether at home or at the Antipodes, who ignorantly object to be settled in her way; in short, "I'll settle them," has become a vulgar idiom, tantamount to a threat of uttermost extermination or smash.—Therefore the Mayor of Gatesboro', harboring that benignant idea with reference to "Gentleman Waife," all kindly readers will exclaim, "Dii, Meliora! What will he do with it?"

THE doll once more safe behind the pillow, Sophy's face gradually softened; she bent forward, touched the Mayor's hand timidly, and looked at him with pleading, penitent eyes, still wet with tears—eyes that said, though the lips were silent—"I'll not hate you. I was ungrateful and peevish; may I beg pardon?"

"I forgive you with all my heart," cried the Mayor, interpreting the look aright. "And now try and compose yourself and sleep while I talk with your grandpapa below."

"I don't see how it is possible that I can leave her," said Waife, when the two men had adjourned to the sitting-room.

"I am sure," quoth the Mayor, seriously, "that it is the best thing for her; her pulse has much nervous excitability; she wants a complete rest; she ought not to move about with you on any account. But come—though I must not know, it seems, who and what you are, Mr. Chapman—I don't think you will run off with my cows, and if you like to stay at the Bailiff's Cottage for a week or two with your grandchild, you shall be left in peace, and asked no questions. I will own to you a weakness of mine—I value myself on being seldom or never taken in. I don't think I could forgive the man who did take me in. But taken in I certainly shall be, if, despite all your mystery, you are not as honest a fellow as ever stood upon shoe-leather! So come to the cottage."

Waife was very much affected by this confiding kindness; but he shook his head despondently, and that same abject, almost cringing humility of mien and manner which had pained, at times, Lionel and Vance, crept over the whole man, so that he seemed to cower and shrink as a Pariah before a Brahman. "No, Sir; thank you most humbly. No, Sir—that must not be. I must work for my daily bread, if what a poor vagabond like me may do can be called work. I have made it a rule for years not to force myself to the hearth and home of any kind man, who, not knowing my past, has a right to suspect me. Where I lodge, I pay as a lodger; or whatever favor shown me spares my purse, I try to return in some useful, humble way. Why, Sir, how could I make free and easy with another man's board and roof-tree for days or weeks together, when I would not even come to your hearthstone for a cup of tea?" The Mayor remembered, and was startled. Waife hurried on. "But for my poor child I have no such scruples—no shame, no false pride. I take what you offer her gratefully—gratefully. Ah, Sir, she is not in her right place with me; but there's no kicking against the pricks. Where was I? Oh! well, I tell you what we will do, Sir. I will take her to the Cottage in a day or two—as soon as she is well enough to go—and spend the day with her, and deceive her, Sir! yes, deceive, cheat her, Sir! I am a cheat—a player—and she'll think I'm going to stay with her; and at night, when she's asleep, I'll creep off, I and the other dog. But I'll leave a letter for her—it will soothe her, and she'll be patient and wait. I will come back again to see her in a week, and once every week till she's well again."

"And what will you do?"

"I don't know"—but, said the actor, forcing a laugh—"I'm not a man likely to starve. Oh, never fear, Sir!"

So the Mayor went away, and strolled across the fields to his Bailiff's cottage, to prepare for the guest it would receive.

"It is all very well that the poor man should be away for some days," thought Mr. Hartopp. "Before he comes again, I shall have hit on some plan to serve him; and I can learn more about him from the child in his absence, and see what he is really fit for. There's a schoolmaster wanted in Morley's village. Old Morley wrote to me to recommend him one. Good salary—pretty house. But it would be wrong to set over young children—recommend to a respectable proprietor and his parson—a man whom I know nothing about. Impossible! that will not do. If there was any place of light service which did not require trust or responsibility—but there is no such place in Great Britain. Suppose I were to set him up in some easy way of business—a little shop, eh? I don't know. What would Williams say? If, indeed, I were taken in!—if the man I am thus credulously trusting turned out a rogue"—the Mayor paused and actually shivered at that thought—"why then, I should be fallen indeed. My wife would not let me have half-a-crown in my pockets; and I could not walk a hundred yards but Williams would be at my heels to protect me from being stolen by gipsies. Fudge! it is him! No, impossible! But if it turn out as I suspect—that contrary to vulgar prudence, I am divining a really great and good man in difficulties—Aha, what a triumph I shall then gain over them all. How Williams will revere me!" The good man laughed aloud at that thought, and walked on with a prouder step.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A pretty trifle in its way, no doubt, is the love between youth and youth—Gay varieties of the bauble spread the counter of the Great Toy-Shop—But thou, courteous Dame Nature, raise thine arm to yon shelf, somewhat out of everyday reach, and bring me down that obsolete, neglected, unconsidered thing, the Love between Age and Childhood.

THE next day Sophy was better—the day after, improvement was more visible—and on the third day Waife paid his bill, and conducted her to the rural abode to which, credulous at last of his promises to share it with her for a time, he enticed her fated steps. It was little more than a mile beyond the suburbs of the town, and though the walk tired her, she concealed fatigue, and would not suffer him to carry her. The cottage now smiled out before them—thatched gable roof, with fancy barge board—half Swiss, half what is called Elizabethan—all the fences and sheds round it, as only your rich traders, condescending to turn farmers, construct and maintain—sheds and fences, trim and neat, as if models in wax-work. The breezy air came fresh from the new haystacks—from the woodbine round the porch—from the breath of the lazy kine, as they stood knee-deep in the pool, that, belted with weeds and broad-leaved water-lilies, lay calm and gleaming amidst level pastures.

Involuntarily they arrested their steps, to gaze on the cheerful landscape and inhale the balmy air. Meanwhile the Mayor came out from the cottage porch, his wife leaning on his arm, and two of his younger children bounding on before, with joyous faces, giving chase to a gaudy butterfly which they had started from the woodbine.

Mrs. Hartopp had conceived a lively curiosity to see and judge for herself of the objects of her liege lord's benevolent interest. She shared, of course, the anxiety which formed the standing excitement of all those who lived but for one godlike purpose—that of preserving Josiah Hartopp from being taken in. But whenever the Mayor specially wished to secure his wife's countenance to any pet project of his own, and convince her either that he was not taken in, or that to be discreetly taken in is, in this world, a very popular and sure mode of getting up, he never failed to attain his end. That man was the cunningest creature! As full of wiles and stratagems in order to get his own way—in benevolent objects—as men who set up to be clever are for selfish ones. Mrs. Hartopp was certainly a good woman, but a *made* good woman. Married to another man, I suspect that she would have been a shrew. Petruchio would have tamed her, I'll swear. But she, poor lady, had been gradually, but completely subdued, subjugated, absolutely cowed beneath the weight of her spouse's despotic mildness; for in Hartopp there *was* a weight of soft quietude, of placid oppression, wholly irresistible. It would have buried a Titaness under a Pelion of moral feather-beds. Mass upon mass of downy influence descended upon you, seemingly yielding as it fell, enveloping, overbearing, stifling you; not presenting a single hard point of contact; giving in as you pushed against it; suppleing itself seductively round you, softer and softer, heavier and heavier, till, I assure you, ma'am, no matter how high your natural wifely spirit, you would have had it smothered out of you, your last rebellious murmur dying languidly away under the descending fleeces.

"So kind in you to come with me, Mary," said Hartopp. "I could not have been happy without your approval: look at the child—something about her like Mary Anne, and Mary Anne is the picture of you!"

Waife advanced, uncovering; the two children, having lost trace of the butterfly, had run up toward Sophy. But her shy look made themselves shy—shyness is so contagious—and they stood a little aloof, gazing at her. Sir Isaac stalked direct to the Mayor, sniffed at him, and wagged his tail.

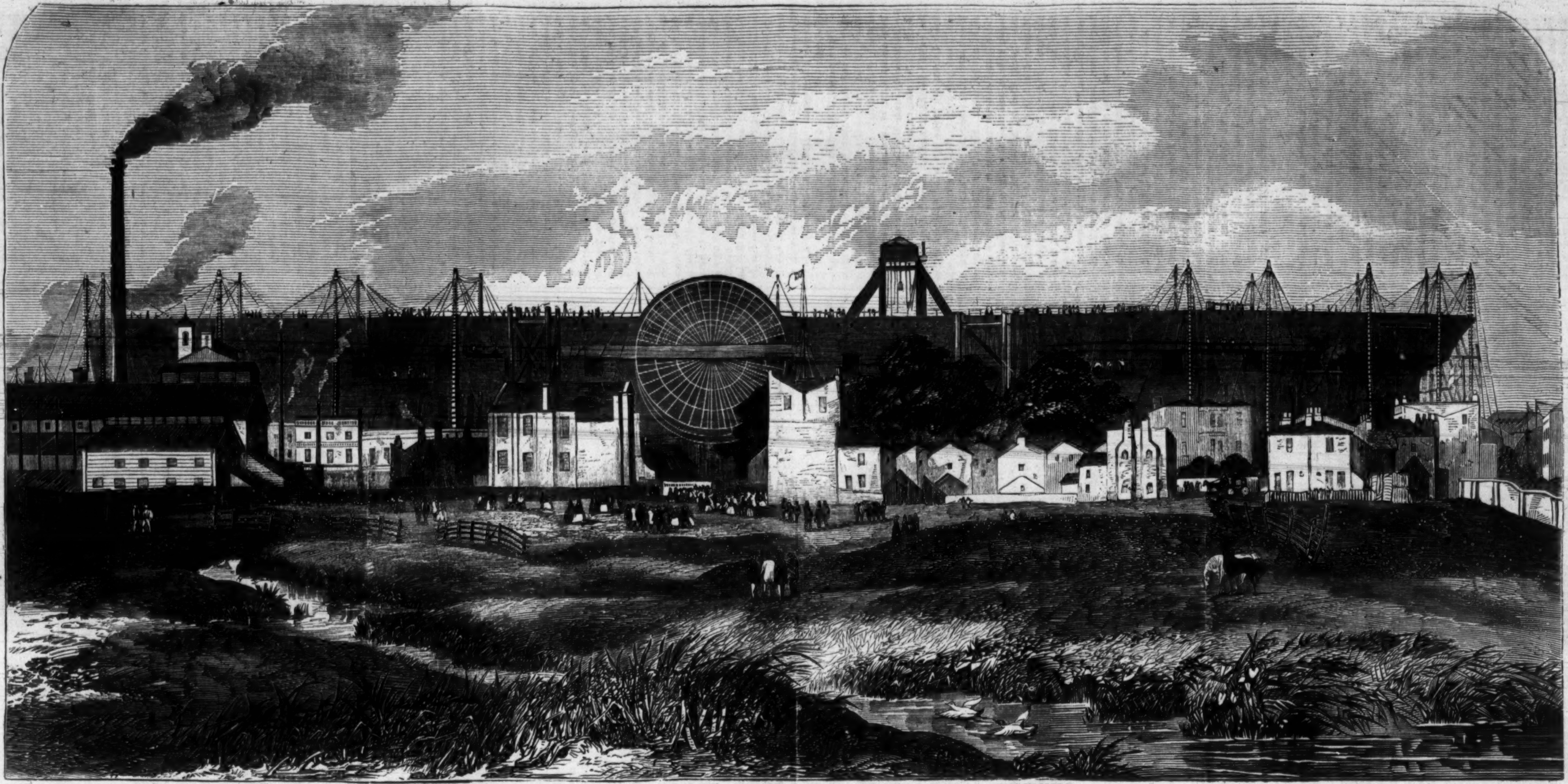
Mrs. Hartopp now bent over Sophy, and acknowledging that the face was singularly pretty, glanced graciously toward her husband, and said, "I see the likeness!" then to Sophy, "I fear you are tired, my dear; you must not over-fatigue yourself—and you must take milk fresh from the cow every morning." And now the bailiff's wife came briskly out, a tidy, fresh-colored, kind-faced woman, fond of children—the more so because she had none of her own.

So they entered the farm-yard—Mrs. Hartopp being the chief talker; and she, having pointed out to Sophy the cows and the turkeys, the hen-coops and the great China gander, led her by the one hand—while Sophy's other hand clung firmly to Waife's—across the little garden, with its patent bee-hives, into the house, took off her bonnet, and kissed her. "Very like Mary Anne!—Mary Anne, dear." One of the two children owning that name approached—snub-nosed, black-eyed, with cheeks like peonies. "This little girl, my Mary Anne, was as pale as you—over-study; and now, my dear child, you must try and steal a little of her color. Don't you think my Mary Anne is like her papa, Mr. Chapman?"

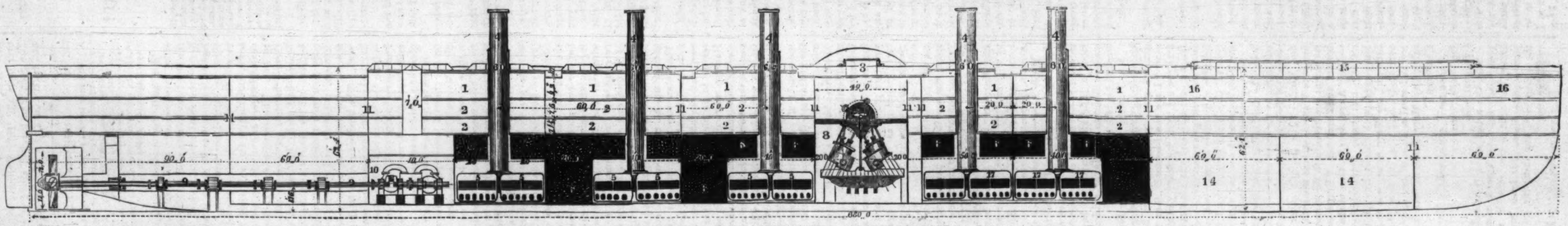
"Like me!" exclaimed the Mayor; whispering Waife, "image of her mother! the same intellectual look!"

Said the artful actor, "Indeed, ma'am, the young lady has her father's mouth and eyebrows, but that acute, sensible expression is yours—quite yours. Sir Isaac, make a bow to the young lady, and then, Sir, go through the sword-exercise!"

[*For continuation, see page 782.*]



THE "LEVIATHAN" AS SHE STANDS NOW, READY FOR LAUNCHING.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE STEAMER "LEVIATHAN."—[*See opposite page.*]

REFERENCES.
1. Upper Saloons.
2. Principal Saloons.
3. Captain's Room.
4. Funnels.
5. Boilers for Screw Engines.
6. Coal Bunkers.
7. Four-bladed Screw.
8. Paddle Engines.
9. Screw Shaft.
10. Screw Engines.
11. Cross Bulk-heads.
12. Steam-pipe from forward Boilers.
13. Steam-pipe from after Boilers.
14. Space for Cargo.
15. Officers' Rooms.
16. Berths for Crew.
17. Boilers for Paddle Engines.

The dog, put upon his tricks, delighted the children; and the poor actor, though his heart lay in his breast like lead, did his best to repay benevolence by mirth. Finally, much pleased, Mrs. Hartopp took her husband's arm to depart. The children, on being separated from Sir Isaac, began to cry. The Mayor interrupted his wife—who, if left to herself, would have scolded them into worse crying—told Mary Anne that he relied on her strong intellect to console her brother Tom; observed to Tom that it was not like his manly nature to set an example of weeping to his sister; and contrived thus to flatter their tears away in a trice, and sent them forward in a race to the turnstile.

Waife and Sophy were alone in the cottage parlor—Mrs. Gooch, the bailiff's wife, walking part of the way back with the good couple, in order to show the Mayor a heifer who had lost appetite and taken to moping. "Let us steal out into the back garden, my darling," said Waife; "I see an arbor there, where I will compose myself with a pipe, a liberty I should not like to take in-doors." They stepped across the threshold, and gained the arbor, which stood at the extreme end of the small kitchen-garden, and commanded a pleasant view of pastures and corn-fields, backed by the blue outline of distant hills. Afar were faintly heard the laugh of the Mayor's happy children, now and then a tinkling sheep-bell, or the tap of the woodpecker, unrepressed by the hush of the midmost summer, which stills the more tuneful choristers amidst their coverts. Waife lighted his pipe, and smoked silently; Sophy, resting her head on his bosom, silent also. She was exquisitely sensitive to nature; the quiet beauty of all round her was soothing a spirit lately troubled, and health came stealing gently back through frame and through heart. At length she cried softly, "We could be so happy here, grandfather! It can not last, can it?"

"'Tis no use in this life, my dear," returned Waife, philosophizing; "no use at all disturbing present happiness by asking 'can it last?' To-day is man's, to-morrow his Maker's. But tell me frankly, do you really dislike so much the idea of exhibiting? I don't mean as we did in Mr. Rugge's show—I know you hate that—but in a genteel private way, as the other night. You sigh! Out with it."

"I like what you [illegible] Grandy."

"That's not true. [illegible] to smoke; you don't. Come, you do dislike acting? Why? You do it so well—wonderfully. Generally speaking, people like what they do well."

"It is not the acting itself, Grandy, dear, that I don't like. When I am in some part I am carried away—I am not myself. I am some one else!"

"And the applause?"

"I don't feel it. I dare say I should miss it if it did not come; but it does not seem to me as if *I* were applauded. If I felt that, I should stop short, and get frightened. It is as if that somebody else into whom I was changed was making friends with the audience; and all my feeling is for that somebody—just as, Grandy dear, when it is over, and we two are alone together, all my feeling is for you—at least (hanging down her head), it used to be; but lately, somehow, I am ashamed to think how I have been feeling for myself more than for you. Is it—is it that I *am* growing selfish? as Mr. Mayor said. Oh, no. Now we are here—not in those noisy towns—not in the inns and on the highways;—now *here, here*, I do feel again for you—all for you!"

"You are my little angel, you are," said Waife, tremulously. "Selfish! you! a good joke that! Now you see, I am not what is called Demonstrative—a long word, Sophy, which means that I don't show to you always how fond I am of you; and, indeed," he added, ingenuously, "I am not always aware of it myself; I like acting—I like the applause, and the lights, and the excitement, and the illusion—the make-belief of the whole thing; it takes me out of memory and thought—it is a world that has neither past, present, nor future, an interlude in time—an escape from space. I suppose it is the same with poets when they are making verses. Yes, I like all this; and, when I think of it, I forget you too much. And I never observed—Heaven forgive me!—that you were pale and drooping, till it was pointed out to me. Well, take away your arms. Let us consult. As soon as you get quite, quite well—how shall we live? what shall we do? You are as wise as a little woman, and such a careful, prudent housekeeper; and I'm such a harum-scarum old fellow, without a sound idea in my head, what shall we do if we give up acting altogether?"

"Give up acting altogether, when you like it so! No—no. I will like it too, Grandy. But—but—" she stopped short, afraid to imply blame or to give pain.

"But what—let us make clean breasts, one to the other; tell truth, and shame the Father of Lies."

"Tell truth—" said Sophy, lifting up to him her pure eyes with such heavenly, loving kindness, that if the words did imply reproof, the eyes stole it away. "Could we but manage to tell truth off the stage, I should not dislike acting. Oh, grandfather, when that kind gentleman and his lady and those merry children come up and speak to us, don't you feel ready to creep into the earth?—I do. Are we telling truth? Are we living truth? one name to-day, another name to-morrow? I should not mind acting on a stage or in a room, for the time, but always acting, always—we ourselves, 'make-beliefs!' Grandfather, must that be? *They* don't do it; I mean by they, all who are good, and looked up to, and respected, as—as—oh, Grandy—Grandy—what am I saying? I have pained you."

Waife indeed was striving hard to keep down emotion; but his lips were set firmly and the blood had left them, and his hands were trembling.

"We *must* hide ourselves," he said, in a very low voice, "we must take false names—I—because—because of reasons I can't tell even to you—and you, because I failed to get you a proper home, where you ought to be; and there is one who, if he pleases, and he may please it any day, could take you away from me, if he found you out—and so—and so." He paused abruptly, looked at her fearful wondering soft face, and rising, drew himself up with one of those rare outbreaks of dignity which elevated the whole character of his person. "But as for me," said he, "if I have lost all name—if while I live, I must be this wandering, skulking outcast—look above, Sophy—look up above, there all secrets will be known—all hearts read—and there my best hope to find a place in which I may wait your coming, is, in what has lost me all birthright here. Not to exalt myself do I say this—no; but that you may have comfort, darling, if ever hereafter you are pained by what men say to you of me."

As he spoke, the expression of his face, at first solemn and lofty, relaxed into melancholy submission. Then passing his arm into hers, and leaning on it as if sunk once more into the broken cripple needing her frail support, he drew her forth from the arbor, and paced the little garden slowly, painfully. At length he seemed to recover himself, and said in his ordinary cheerful tone, "But to the point in question, suppose we have done with acting and roaming, and keep to one name, and settle somewhere like plain folks, again I ask—how shall we live?"

"I have been thinking of that," answered Sophy. "You remember that those good Miss Burtons taught me all kinds of needle-work, and I know people can make money by needle-work. And then, Grandy dear, what can't you do? Do you forget Mrs. Saunders's books that you bound, and her cups and saucers that you mended? So we would both work, and have a little cottage and a garden, that we could take care of, and sell the herbs and vegetables. Oh, I have thought over it all, the last fortnight, a hundred hundred times, only I did not dare to speak first."

Waife listened very attentively. "I can make very good baskets," said he, rubbing his chin, "famous baskets (if one could hire a bit of osier ground), and, as you say, there might be other fancy articles I could turn out prettily enough, and you could work samplers, and urn-rugs, and doyleys, and pin-cushions, and so forth; and what with a rood or two of garden ground, and poultry (the Mayor says poultry is healthy for children), upon my word, if we could find a safe place, and people would not trouble us with their gossip—and we could save a little money for you when I am—"

"Bees too—honey?" interrupted Sophy, growing more and more interested and excited.

"Yes, bees—certainly. A cottage of that kind in a village would not be above £6 a year, and £20 spent on materials for fancy-works would set us up. Ah! but furniture—beds and tables—monstrous dear."

"Oh no, very little would do at first."

"Let us count the money we have left," said Waife, throwing himself down on a piece of sward that encircled a shady mulberry tree. Old man and child counted the money, bit by bit, gayly yet anxiously—babbling, interrupting each other—scheme upon scheme; they forgot past and present as much as in acting plays—they were absorbed in the future—innocent simple future—innocent as the future planned by two infants fresh from Robinson Crusoe or fairy tales.

"I remember—I remember; just the place for us," cried Waife, suddenly. "It is many, many, many years since I was there; I was courting my Lizzy at the time—alas—alas! But no sad thoughts now!—just the place, near a large town, but in a pretty village quite retired from it. 'Twas there I learned to make baskets. I had broken my leg—fall from a horse—nothing to do. I lodged with an old basket-maker; he had a capital trade. Rivulet at the back of his house; reeds, osiers, plentiful. I see them now, as I saw them from my little casement while my leg was setting. And Lizzy used to write to me such dear letters; my baskets were all for her. We had baskets enough to have furnished a house with baskets; could have dined in baskets, sat in baskets, slept in baskets. With a few lessons I could soon recover the knack of the work. I should like to see the place again; it would be shaking hands with my youth once more. None who could possibly recognize me could be now living. Saw no one but the surgeon, the basket-maker, and his wife; all so old, they must be long since gathered to their fathers. Perhaps no one carries on the basket trade now. I may revive it and have it all to myself; perhaps the cottage itself may be easily hired." Thus, ever disposed to be sanguine, the vagabond chattered on, Sophy listening fondly, and smiling up to his face. "And a fine large park close by; the owners great lords, deserted it then; perhaps it is deserted still. You might wander over it as if it were your own, Sophy. Such wonderful trees—such green solitudes; and pretty shy hares running across the vistas—stately deer too! We will make friends with the lodge-keepers, and we will call the park yours, Sophy; and I shall be a genius who weaves magical baskets, and you shall be the enchanted princess concealed from all evil eyes, knitting doyleys of pearl under leaves of emerald, and catching no sound from the world of perishable life, except as the boughs whisper and the birds sing."

"Dear me, here you are—we thought you were lost," said the bailiff's wife; "tea is waiting for you, and there's husband, Sir, coming up from his work; he'll be proud and glad to know you, Sir, and you too, my dear; we have no children of our own."

It is past eleven. Sophy, worn out, but with emotions far more pleasurable than she had long known, is fast asleep. Waife kneels by her side, looking at her. He touches her hand, so cool and soft—all fever gone; he rises on tiptoe—he bends over her forehead—a kiss there, and a tear; he steals away, down, down the stairs. At the porch is the bailiff, holding Sir Isaac.

"We'll take all care of her," said Mr. Gooch. "You'll not know her again when you come back."

Waife pressed the hand of his grandchild's host, but did not speak.

"You are sure you will find your way—no, that's the wrong turn—straight on to the town. They'll be sitting up for you at the Saracen's Head, I suppose; of course, Sir? It seems not hospitable like, your going away at the dead of night thus. But I understand you don't like crying, Sir—we men don't; and your sweet little girl, I dare say, would sob, ready to break her heart, if she knew. Fine moonlight night, Sir—straight on. And I say, don't fret about her; wife loves children dearly—so do I. Good-night."

On went Waife—lamely, slowly—Sir Isaac's white coat gleaming in the moon, ghost-like. On he went, bundle strapped across his shoulder, leaning on his staff, along by the folded sheep and the sleeping cattle. But when he got into the high road, Gatesboro' full before him, with all its roofs and spires, he turned his back on the town, and tramped once more along the desert thoroughfare—more slowly, and more; more lamely, and more; till several mile-stones were passed; and then he crept through the gap of a hedgerow, to the sheltering eaves of a haystack; and under that roof-tree he and Sir Isaac lay down to rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Laugh at forebodings of evil, but tremble after day-dreams of happiness.

Waife left behind him at the cottage two letters—one intrusted to the bailiff, with a sealed bag, for Mr. Hartopp—one for Sophy, placed on a chair beside her bed.

The first letter was as follows:

"I trust, dear and honored Sir, that I shall come back safely; and when I do, I may have found, perhaps, a home for her, and some way of life such as you would not blame. But, in case of accident, I have left with Mr. Gooch, sealed up, the money we made at Gatesboro', after paying the inn bill, doctor, etc., and retaining the mere trifle I need in case I and Sir Isaac fail to support ourselves. You will kindly take care of it. I should not feel safe with more money about me, an old man. I might be robbed; besides, I am careless. I never can keep money; it slips out of my hands like an eel. Heaven bless you, Sir; your kindness seems like a miracle vouchsafed to me for that child's dear sake. No evil can chance to her with you; and if I should fall ill and die, even then you, who would have aided the tricksome vagrant, will not grudge the saving hand to the harmless child."

The letter to Sophy ran thus:

"Darling, forgive me; I have stolen away from you, but only for a few days, and only in order to see if we can not gain the magic home where I am to be the Genius, and you the Princess. I go forth with such a light heart, Sophy dear. I shall be walking thirty miles a day, and not feel an ache in the lame leg; you could not keep up with me—you know you could not. So think over the cottage and the basket-work, and practice at samplers and pin-cushions when it is too hot to play; and be stout and strong against I come back. That, I trust, will be this day week—'tis but seven days; and then we will only act fairy dramas to nodding trees, with linnets for the orchestra; and even Sir Isaac shall not be demeaned by mercenary tricks, but shall employ his arithmetical talents in casting up the weekly bills, and he shall never stand on his hind legs except on sunny days, when he shall carry a parasol to shade an enchanted princess. Laugh, darling—let me fancy I see you laughing; but don't fret—don't fancy I desert you. Do try and get well—quite, quite well; I ask it of you on my knees."

The letter and the bag were taken over, at sunrise, to Mr. Hartopp's villa. Mr. Hartopp was an early man. Sophy overslept herself; her room was to the west; the morning beams did not reach its windows; and the cottage without children woke up to labor, noiseless and still. So when at last she shook off sleep, and, tossing her hair from her blue eyes, looked round and became conscious of the strange place, she still fancied the hour early. But she got up, drew the curtain from the window, saw the sun high in the heavens, and, ashamed of her laziness, turned, and lo! the letter on the chair! Her heart at once misgave her; the truth flashed upon a reason prematurely quick in the intuition which belongs to the union of sensitive affection and active thought. She drew a long breath, and turned deadly pale. It was some minutes before she could take up the letter, before she could break the seal. When she did, she read on noiselessly, her tears dropping over the page, without effort or sob. She had no egotistical sorrow, no grief in being left alone with strangers; it was the pathos of the old man's lonely wanderings, of his bereavement, of his counterfeit glee, and genuine self-sacrifice—this it was that suffused her whole heart with unutterable yearnings of tenderness, gratitude, pity, veneration. But when she had wept silently for some time, she kissed the letter with devout passion, and turned to that Heaven to which the outcast had taught her first to pray.

Afterward she stood still, musing a little while, and the sorrowful shade gradually left her face. Yes; she would obey him—she would not fret—she would try and get well and strong. He would feel, at the distance, that she was true to his wishes—that she was fitting herself to be again his companion; seven days would soon pass. Hope, that can never long quit the heart of childhood, brightened over her meditations, as the morning sun over a landscape that, just before, had lain sad amidst twilight and under rains.

When she came down stairs Mrs. Gooch was pleased and surprised to observe the placid smile upon her face, and the quiet activity with which, after the morning meal, she moved about by the good woman's side, assisting her in her dairy-work and other housewife tasks, talking little, comprehending quickly—composed, cheerful.

"I am so glad to see you don't pine after your good grandpapa, as we feared you would."

"He told me not to pine," answered Sophy, simply, but with a quivering lip.

When the noon deepened, and it became too warm for exercise, Sophy timidly asked if Mrs. Gooch had any worsteds and knitting-needles, and being accommodated with those implements and materials, she withdrew to the arbor, and seated herself to work—solitary and tranquil.

What made, perhaps, the chief strength in this poor child's nature, was its intense trustfulness—a part, perhaps, of its instinctive appreciation of truth. She trusted in Waife—in the Future—in Providence—in her own childish, not helpless, self. Already, as her slight fingers sorted the worsteds, and her graceful taste shaded their hues into blended harmony, her mind was weaving, not less harmoniously, the hues in the woof of dreams: the cottage home—the harmless tasks—Waife, with his pipe, in the arm-chair, under some porch, covered, like that one yonder—why not?—with fragrant woodbine. And life, if humble, honest, truthful, not shrinking from the day, so that, if Lionel met her again, she should not blush, nor he be shocked. And if their ways were so different as her grandfather said, still they might cross, as they had crossed before, and—the work slid from her hand, the sweet lips parted, smiling; a picture came before her eyes—her grandfather, Lionel, herself; all three, friends, and happy; a stream, fair as the Thames had seemed—green trees all bathed in summer—the boat gliding by; in that boat they three, borne softly on—away—away—what matters whither? by her side the old man; facing her, the boy's bright, kind eyes. She started. She heard noises—a swinging gate—footsteps. She started—she rose—voices; one strange to her, a man's voice, then the Mayor's. A third voice, shrill, stern; a terrible voice—heard in infancy—associated with images of cruelty, misery, woe. It could not be!—impossible! Near—nearer came the footsteps. Seized with the impulse of flight, she sprang to the mouth of the arbor. Fronting her glared two dark, baleful eyes. She stood—arrested—spell-bound—as a bird fixed rigid by the gaze of a serpent.

"Yes, Mr. Mayor; all right! it *is* our little girl—our dear Sophy. This way, Mr. Losely. Such a pleasant surprise for you, Sophy, my love!" said Mrs. Crane.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Old Gent. "Don't cry, little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?"

Injured Party. "No, Sir, he hit me on the head."

A suit was recently brought before a justice of the peace in Yuba County, California, for the recovery of seventeen dollars, which a man had won of another, or rather got possession of by "bluffing" while he had four Jacks. The Maryville *Inquirer* says the Court "let herself loose" on the question, and held that where a party coolly and deliberately "bluffed" the holder of a small winning hand out of his money, it might well be considered downright robbery, and be punished as such; but the Court stated that while it would punish the party who would be guilty of such "bluffing," it had no protection or mercy for the man who, like the plaintiff in the case, permitted himself to be bluffed with fours in his hand! Such a man, in the opinion of the Court, should not only lose his seventeen dollar "pot," but receive the jeers of every good poker player in Yuba County.

THE CUDGELED HUSBAND.

As Thomas was cudgeled one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning,
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home, and was cudgeled again by his wife.

Puzzling Question. "Pray, Doctor, had your mother a son?" "Let me see! she had two daughters; but whether she ever had a son, I—I really can not recollect!"

A gentleman once conversing in the company of ladies, and criticising rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked, "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted."

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband.

"Plenty of chairs, Mrs. Simpkins," he replied, "but too much company."

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
But what are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

A Yankee, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about those stone gals."

THE CLOCK.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to *work* though it *strikes*.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

A political paper, speaking of an opponent, says: "Our quondam friend reminds us of the valorous chap in the war of 1812, who mistook a heavy wind for the approach of the British, as he lay in bed one night. Shaking with the fear of imaginary danger, he woke his wife, and exclaimed, 'Snug up to my back, Betsy! let's meet the inimy manfully!'"

The world is for the working hour; but home is the place of refuge. We come to it when we are weary or weak; our refreshment is there, our rest is there, we reflect there, we recover from sickness there, and when we die in peace, we die there.

Campbell, the poet, when speaking of the spring, says:

"The Queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale."

In a log school-house in Wisconsin, placed conspicuously upon the wall, may be seen the following poetic version of the eighth commandment:

"It is a sin to steal a pin—
It is a greater to steal a tater."

Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of your brethren."

"A borrowed horse and your own spurs make short miles," is a Danish rendering oft a rather universal practice.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

Perhaps, after all, says *Punch*, there is no great absurdity in the notion of female physicians. All physicians, except those who practice gratuitously, may be designated by the word female spelt with another "e" on the first syllable; and there are not a few of whom that is all that can be said. If the head of woman is not calculated for the formation of diagnosis, she can, at least, shake it in a difficult case as effectually as a man can; and having a softer and more musical voice than the masculine, she is better qualified than the most of men are for that large part of medical practice which consists in whispering comfort to invalids.

When merchants fondly trust to paper,
And find too late that banks betray,
What art can help them through the scrape, or
Suggest the means wherewith to pay?

The only way to stop each croaker,
And pay the banks to whom they trust,
To bring repentance to the broker,
And wring his bosom, is "to bust."

Parasols—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. *Strap*—An article worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calf-skin. *Kites*—Light frames covered with paper, sent into the air by boys with tails to them.

An administrator on the estate of a deceased female in New Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction—"The wearing apparel of Mrs. A—— O——, deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

Dr. Stone, of New Orleans, speaking of yellow fever, says—"The fever has a certain course to run. Keep the patient from dying, and he'll get well." There's wisdom for you.

The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon, that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the daytime.

A man in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any Grand Jury that may examine his case and face will have to report "*No bill found.*"

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, November* 30, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened with much vigor, but closed heavily for Breadstuffs....Cotton has attracted rather more attention at firmer rates. Stock, here, 5800 bales, against 56,400 bales same time last year. ....The movements in Provisions have been quite restricted, and prices of the leading kinds have steadily favored purchasers, especially for hog products, the supplies of which are increasing....Groceries have been in fair request, but at somewhat lower and lanquid quotations for the principal articles....No remarkable movement occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 90	@	$5 35
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 90	@	5 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	5 20	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 35	@	5 45
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 25	@	6 30
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 20	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 05
Buckwheat Flour, per 100 pounds	2 25	@	—
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@	3 65
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 30
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	—	@	90
Rye, per bushel	—	@	80
Barley, per bushel	70	@	90
Western Oats, per bushel	52	@	54
State Oats, per bushel	49	@	52
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	42	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	36	@	41
White Beans, per bushel	1 56	@	1 62
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¼	@	12
Mess Pork, per barrel	18 50	@	19 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	16 60	@	16 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 25	@	10 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	5 75	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	21 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	14 50	@	17 00
Lard, per pound	10¼	@	11
State Butter, per pound	15	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8½
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs.	45	@	75
New Hops, per pound	5	@	9
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@	—
Reaped Timothy, per bushed	2 50	@	—
Am. Rough Flaxseed, per bushel	1 12½	@	—
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 50	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	50
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 25	@	3 50
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	42½	@	43
Tar, per barrel	1 50	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 30	@	1 35
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23	@	23½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound	10	@	35
Tallow, per pound	9½	@	10

Freights continued depressed, and rates favored shippers. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. 3d. per barrel; Grain, 7d. @ 8d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 649.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were but moderately supplied with Beeves, and though the demand for such was not brisk, good cattle brought somewhat better prices....Fewer Milch Cows were offered, and as a somewhat livelier inquiry prevailed for them, they were rather dearer....The receipts and sales of Veal Calves were lighter, but prices appeared unaltered. ....Sheep and Lambs were plentier and cheaper, yet buyers evinced no more spirit in purchasing....Swine were in fair supply at less buoyant prices. The demand was restricted....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Nov. 18.*	Week ending *Nov. 25.*
Beeves	2,381	2,890
Milch Cows	180	123
Veal Calves	401	278
Sheep and Lambs	10,494	12,532
Swine	3,453	1,982

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York State	1274	Illinois	34
Kentucky	367	Connecticut	26
Ohio	250	New Jersey	23
Indiana	99		

The range of prices of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$0 7	@	$0 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 25	@	8 00
" " per pound	7	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets are pretty brisk and advancing, being influenced considerably by the state of the weather.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 00	@	$4 00
Apples, dried, per pound	7½	@	8½
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	2 00	@	4 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 50	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 50
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@	7 50
Potatoes, per barrel	85	@	3 25
" sweet, per barrel	2 00	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	60	@	75
Squashes, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Pumpkins, per 100	6 00	@	10 00
Beets, per barrel	1 12	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 12	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@	1 15
Leeks, per 100	3 00	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100	6 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	16	@	16½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	19	@	19½
Chickens, per pair	38	@	1 00
" per pound	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair	50	@	60
Ducks, per pound	10	@	14
" per pair	55	@	1 25
" Canvas Back, per pair	3 00	@	3 50
" Red Heads, per pair	1 25	@	1 35
" Brant, per pair	75	@	1 00
" Broad Bill, per pair	38	@	50
" Teal, per pair	38	@	50
" Dippers, per pair	25	@	31
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	14
Turkeys, each	75	@	1 25
Geese, each	75	@	1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	75	@	1 65
Woodcock, per dozen	2 00	@	3 00
Grouse, per pair	1 25	@	1 50
Quail, each	12	@	15
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 00
Rabbits, each	10	@	15
Hares, each	10	@	15
Squirrels, each	3	@	4
Venison, per pound	8	@	14
Beef, per pound	6	@	10
Mutton, per pound	7	@	10
Lamb, per pound	7	@	10
Veal, per pound	5	@	7½
Pork, per pound	6½	@	8½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 30, 1857.

THE foreign trade of the port for last week compares as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 28, 1857	$2,272,268	$1,238,898
Corresponding week, 1856	4,060,700	2,073,060
Decrease	$1,788,432	$834,162

We received from abroad during the week $395,000 in specie, and sent abroad $1,686,510; but the difference is nearly compensated by the outflow of specie from the Sub-Treasury, and the receipts at New York from the interior.

Money continues to be very easy. The banks take all the prime paper that offers; and private lenders are loath to touch the lower grades. On call, money is offering at 6 @ 7 per cent. Exchange on England rules at 109 @ 110; on Paris, at 5.30 @ 5.22.

The following table of the Trade of the United States for the fiscal year 1856–7 is given in the *N. Y. Times:*

GROSS EXCHANGES OF TREASURY YEAR, 1857.

Imported in Foreign Goods		$348,428,342
Foreign Specie brought in		12,461,799
Total		$360,890,141
Exported in Produce of U. S.	$278,906,713	
Foreign re-exported	14,905,509	
Remitted in American Gold	60,078,352	
In Foreign Gold and Silver	9,058,570	
		$362,949,144
Balance in favor of United States		$2,059,003

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